

Nazism's Defeat in Austria

# The Nation

Vol. CXXXIX, No. 3605

Founded 1865

Wednesday, August 8, 1934

## Labor and Industry

### War in Minneapolis

*by Herbert Solow*

### The Terror in San Jose

*by John Terry*

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## August, 1914: A Symposium

Europe Went to War . . . . . Lewis S. Gannett

A Restless London . . . . . Leslie Read

Paris Settles to a Siege . . . . . Jean Prevost

Germany at a Low Ebb . . . . . Arthur Feiler

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AT HONOLULU, President Roosevelt made a characteristic speech even more than ordinarily full of charming and meaningless phrases. He reminded the Hawaiians that they were "an integral part of the nation," with a "fine historic tradition." He remarked on the "excellent appearance of neatness and cleanliness in the homes . . . of the islands" and noted that "you are doing much to improve the standards of living of the average of your citizenship." A touch that was not quite relevant to this local sweetness and light crept in when he added that he wished "to say a word of congratulation on the efficiency and the fine spirit of the army and navy forces of which I am Commander-in-Chief" although, of course, "These forces must ever be considered an instrument of continuing peace." The Japanese, a simple people, not quite so much given to treacle, expressed themselves as disappointed with Mr. Roosevelt's remarks. They have, so reports from Tokio declare, been trying for some time to obtain from the United States more specific declarations of amity than have been forthcoming. They would like a thought or two on Manchuria, a hint of any

relaxation in our immigration policy, a mention of the naval conference in 1935. They even hoped that perhaps the American President might mention one or more of these matters when he came to Hawaii. But they deceived themselves. Mr. Roosevelt said farewell to the Hawaiians in their own language; otherwise his speech was that employed by politicians the world over when they do not wish to get mixed up in an unpleasant situation.

UNDER THE HEADING, "Dailies Helped Break General Strike," *Editor and Publisher* reveals that the publishers in the San Francisco Bay area formed a council and printed false information which incited the red hunt and the consequent wrecking of the radicals' meeting places by self-styled vigilantes. "On Sunday, July 15, the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*," says *Editor and Publisher*, "published front-page editorials stating that radicals had seized control by intimidation and that the general strike was a revolution against constituted authority." Simultaneously William Randolph Hearst telephoned from London to announce a cable story telling how the 1926 general strike in England was crushed, and "this was published on Monday in the *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, *Call-Bulletin*, *Oakland Post-Enquirer*, and all Hearst newspapers." By this time, conscientiously reports *Editor and Publisher*, "the general public, which had generally been sympathetic to the alleged wrongs of the longshoremen, awakened to the menace which threatened citizen rights and that the general strike was 'revolution'." The brains of the publishers' council was Francis Neyland, general counsel for the Hearst newspapers, who "entered into negotiations with conservative labor leaders . . . who welcomed this help. Newspaper editorials built up the strength and influence of the conservative leaders and aided in splitting the conservative membership away from the radicals. The publishers believed that the situation might spread into a revolution that would sweep the country." Then came the vigilantes, and how those strike-breaking newspapers crowed with delight! They suppressed and falsified what happened. The *Chronicle* and the *Examiner* in particular whitewashed the police and put the blame on union labor. "Police started the raids during the morning but were superseded by an infuriated band of men, reported to be union strikers," reported the *Examiner*. And beneath pictures of demolished communist headquarters appeared descriptive lines that struck a new sadistic note in American journalism: "Here's a smashing raid on radical headquarters on Valencia Street, when aroused conservative unionists broke up light house-keeping, destroyed inflammatory literature, and helped in the swing to the right with a few right swings."

MORE AND MORE the fascist mood is creeping into news headlines and editorials all over the country. It was only a month ago that James Rorty predicted in *The Nation* that it would be a miracle if the FERA continued to feed strikers in the face of pressures generated by major strike situations. These pressures have already taken the form of belligerent demands upon the FERA at Washington



that the government cease using tax money to feed strikers who reject the settlements proposed by government mediation boards. The Richmond, Virginia, *Times-Dispatch* writes: "How far should the Emergency Relief Administration go in providing food, clothing, and shelter for strikers? With the walkout of rayon workers at Hopewell now in its third week, the question is pertinent to the policy of the FERA." As might be expected, the Los Angeles *Times* is even more violent: "Merely to have fed these strikers with money collected from the very public they are trying to starve is a travesty upon civilization." Paper after paper recalls the strike-breaking heroes of the past—Grover Cleveland, Ole Hanson, Calvin Coolidge—and they predict a brilliant future for Governor Merriam. Recurrently the words "communist" and "foreign-born" are used to carry almost equal opprobrium. Most forthright of all is the Indianapolis *Star*, which editorializes as follows: "Alien communists should be deported. Subversive literature should be destroyed. The need for a program of thorough-going Americanization is fully as great as it was during the war." Somewhat more subtly, the New York *Journal of Commerce* suggests that the breaking of the general strike has cost labor dearly, and that "perhaps the greatest loss will be a likely basic change in the attitude of the federal Administration toward pushing further organization of American labor within the framework of existing unions."

**S**IGNIFICANTLY, two news stories appeared side by side in the New York *Times* of July 29. The two headlines read: "Police Act to List All Union Leaders," and "Police 'Riot Squad' is Doubled to 1,200." One way to make trouble is to prepare for trouble, and the preparations of the police for domestic strife on the labor front are not different in animus and effect from the "preparedness" campaigns of the military crowd. According to Chief Inspector Valentine, the listing of union leaders was undertaken at the behest of the joint board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, but officials of the Amalgamated deny responsibility for the order and denounce it as an anti-union maneuver. General O'Ryan leaves no doubt as to how these lists will be used. He said: "The purpose of the order is the more readily to enable the police, in case of labor difficulties, to distinguish between accredited labor representatives and others who claim to be representatives of the unions but are actually trouble makers." Protests against the order were lodged by the Food Workers Industrial Union, the Trade Union Unity Council and the American Newspaper Guild, and by Louis Waldman, state chairman of the Socialist Party. Such an order in the hands of the Toledo police would have provided a convenient pretext for jailing the leaders of the Unemployed League, who, by defying an outrageous court injunction, rescued the Auto-Lite workers' strike from stalemate and brought it to a successful conclusion. Mayor La Guardia has said that there is nothing obligatory about the identification plan and second that its sole purpose was to prevent misunderstanding on occasions when union investigators checked up on employers to see if NRA regulations were observed or when there was a question about the authority of union representatives to act for the union. It may mean that and nothing more to the Mayor but the use of such an order by a fascist-minded police commissioner is something quite different.

**E**VEN MORE OMINOUS was the action of General O'Ryan, New York Police Commissioner, in ordering the recently organized police rifle regiment to begin drilling immediately. The new regiment will number 1,200 men—double the strength of the old "riot squad," and will consist, like a regular-army unit, of three battalions of three companies each. One company will be armed with Thompson sub-machine guns, and there is to be in addition a medical corps, a motor transport unit, and a replacement company. The order to train this quasi-military police unit followed close on the heels of the walk-out of engineers and workers in the Mid-town Hudson Tunnel which brought the threat of a general strike in heavy industries. Asked whether the regiment would be mobilized in the event of a riot, General O'Ryan said that it would depend upon the extent of the riot. By his handling of the demonstrations of unemployed and relief workers, and by his blanket approval of the increasing brutality of the New York police, General O'Ryan has repeatedly shown his hand. He is a rather typical "brass hat" in politics. If Mayor La Guardia intends to keep faith with his liberal supporters and avoid an orgy of red-hunting similar to that which now rages up and down the West coast, he should recognize that all the portents indicate General O'Ryan as Trouble-maker Number 1. In other words, the sooner New York has a new police commissioner the better. Fortunately the unions are alive to the danger confronting them. Joseph Schlossberg, general secretary of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America has declared that the organization of the rifle regiment means "a declaration of war on the unions." It is that in effect, if not in intent. As the American Civil Liberties Union points out, "Every red-baiting campaign starts with a broadside against radicals and winds up with an open assault upon all organized labor."

**J**UDGE BOOTH of the Connecticut Superior Court has just upheld the validity of a contract based on the closed shop. Suit was brought before Judge Booth by Peter Strong, a former member of the union, against officers of the International Union of Elevator Contractors. Strong asked for damages, charging that the officers had entered into unlawful contracts and engaged in unlawful acts which prevented him from securing employment as an elevator constructor. The plaintiff had been expelled from the union some years ago. Thereafter, whenever he found work in his craft, the union officers would notify the contractors that he was not a member, and he would be discharged. These were the "unlawful" acts complained of on Strong's behalf. As for the "unlawful" contract, it was an agreement between the I.U.E.C. and the contractors, whereby the latter pledged themselves to employ none but union help. Judge Booth's decision addressed itself to the philosophy of the labor movement. The court spoke of the attempts of wage earners, through organization, to protect themselves against "unorganized competition." The court went on to uphold the right of a labor organization to enter into contracts which would give such protection to its members. Having decided that the contract itself was lawful, Judge Booth rejected the contention that the defendants' acts, in enforcing the contract, were illegal. "The resulting damage," he held, "if such followed, is an incident unfortunate but unactionable." The court's decision gives voice to a collectivistic idea with which most of our judges so far have not had much sympathy.



AS DIRECTOR of the Division of Research and Economic Planning of the NRA, Mr. Leon Henderson is supposed to hold steadily aloft the candle of statistical and economic "science," thereby illuminating the murk of pressure politics in which the codes are written, revised, and approved. How far that little candle sends its beams may be judged by Mr. Henderson's recent statement predicting an autumn rise in business, and basing his prediction on such unconventional indices as the issuance of marriage certificates, the purchase of living-room rugs, and the repayment of personal loans. Promptly the daily editorial writers, especially those unfriendly to the Administration, trained their statistical Big Berthas on Mr. Henderson and pretty well demolished him. The *Herald Tribune* could and did point out that during the past two months business, as measured by the accepted indices, has fallen off considerably more than seasonally. In fact, according to *Economic Statistics*, production has declined about 15 per cent since May. Moreover, retail trade, in department and chain stores, declined in June both in dollar value and in volume.

THESE FIGURES are real and earnest, although, of course, they do not prove that Mr. Henderson is wrong in predicting a fall upturn, or that the NRA is ill-advised to "gamble," as Mr. Henderson put it, on the prospect of such an upturn. As a matter of fact, the NRA has no choice. It is all a gamble, and a highly political gamble, based on the Administration's hope that American capitalism still retains some natural recuperative power; that the natural recovery will come along in time to save the show before the resources of the greatest showman that ever occupied the White House shall have been exhausted. For the title of Mr. Henderson's Division is obviously a misnomer. One does not plan an economy of abundance by creating scarcities, which is the avowed purpose of the AAA and of most of the NRA codes. The Division of Research and Economic Planning which, if it were what its name indicates, would be what the Gosplan board is in Russia, is merely one of the minor side-shows of the New Deal. Its function is not to plan in any genuine, inclusive sense, but to implement the struggle of the New Dealers to prevent the industrialists from greedily lapping up, under the cover of the codes, the springs of natural, unplanned recovery. Both before and after his elevation to his present position, Mr. Henderson has fought against the price-fixing provisions of the codes, and in behalf of moderately decent wage-and-hour clauses. Theoretically, the statistical muse stands aloof from such battles. Actually, one suspects that, in struggling to jam the remaining industries into codes before August 10, Mr. Henderson was tempted into using statistical blandishments; that he hoped to cajole the recalcitrant industrialists into "gambling" on the happy days to come. If so, it is not the first time that statistics have felt the influence of political exigencies.

A YEAR AGO petroleum production was rapidly increasing beyond all previous volume, this in the face of a declining market. This condition was met by an executive order of the President and a subsequent code. But ultimate control of production was denied the government by the Texas Federal Court decision of February 13 which refused the right of jurisdiction over producers not signing the code and not engaging in inter-State business. A bill providing

for real regulation of oil production died in the last Congress because of doubtful constitutionality. Even the production within the scope of the code, as foreign observers remark and as the figures show, has constantly exceeded the set quota. Our stock of petroleum ending July 14 increased 95,000 barrels over the 344,092,000 barrels of the preceding week. The government, in its efforts to maintain the price level, has set a diminished quota for August; to what extent it will be observed is questionable. Yet Secretary Ickes, in reviewing the achievements of the oil administration during its first year of activity, is silent on the subject of violations as well as of the increased legal production. But he points with pride to the three-fold price increase, with the naive reasoning that "more money for less oil should encourage conservation."

THE NEW YORK *DEUTSCHE ZEITUNG*, which attained some publicity through the Dickstein investigation as the organ of the Friends of the New Germany and the officially supported Nazi newspaper for New York, carried the following headlines in its issue of July 26, the first after the assassination of Dollfuss: "People's revenge in Austria! Dollfuss government fallen. Chancellor dead of wounds. Bitterness of the people vents itself; the advance of National Socialism is not to be prevented." The lead article begins:

In Austria the people have spoken! What will happen in the next days and hours cannot now be predicted; in any case the people have gotten rid of the hated Chancellor. . . . On going to press the situation was still too confused for any conjectures about the political consequences of the rebellion on Wednesday; nevertheless it can certainly be said that what now is preparing in Austria will finally lead to union with Germany—for Austria, if she is to live, a spiritual and financial necessity.

Even if one agrees with the inevitability of Austro-German union, this strident repetition of accepted Nazi doctrine is especially revealing now after the official German disavowal of all responsibility for recent events in Austria. What will the Leader do about the indiscreet honesty of Herr Kappe, editor of the New York *Deutsche Zeitung*? Shall we see Herr Kappe suffer the same sad fate as Herr Habicht: disavowal for continuing the doctrines of the Leader himself?

BECAUSE ONE ELIZABETH PRENDELL, some centuries back, saved the life of the little boy who was to become Charles II of England, one W. Dacre Walker, a physician of Andover, Massachusetts, will receive an annuity which he is reputed not to need. The last recipient of the King's Annuity was the late Professor Francis Walker, of the University of British Columbia. This information, which we glean from the *Andover Townsman*, is duly passed on to our readers, some of whom may have become careless about their daily good deeds. There is, however, a further thought which should be added by way of caution. The ability of potentates to reward posterity to the nth generation has become rather open to question of late. And the attitude of one's fellow citizens about this matter of rescues is also to be considered. For example, one recalls the anecdote about the plain man who inadvertently saved the Duce from the waters of the Adriatic. "How shall I reward you?" asked the dictator. "If you don't mind," replied the citizen, "I'd be glad if you didn't tell anybody that I did it."

## Nazism's Defeat in Austria

**A**T the end of June it seemed a mere matter of mathematics to estimate the date on which a Christian Social-National Socialist cabinet would take the Austrian government out of Dollfuss's hands. But the inhuman murder of the Austrian Chancellor has completely altered the situation. The possibility of a coalition with the Nazis is definitely out of the picture.

The reason is obvious. The Austrian Nazis unquestionably had the support of a considerable percentage of the population. After the suppression and dissolution of the Social Democratic Party, the National Socialist Party was the strongest opposition group in the country, although it was generally acknowledged that it would be able to accomplish its purpose only with the active assistance of the German government and its National Socialist machine. Hitler's plan to undermine Austria by radio agitation from abroad and by an all-pervading apparatus financed by Germany at home, until such time as it would be possible with the assistance of the "Austrian Legion" to overthrow the existing administration, was frustrated by Mussolini's watchfulness. The German "Führer," recognizing the new situation, adjusted himself to it and tried to come to an understanding in Venice which would have brought him to his goal by another, more circuitous route. But Dollfuss, feeling that Mussolini had betrayed him, sought and found reassurance in France and thereupon refused to accept the Hitler-Mussolini compromise which would have encompassed his own political annihilation.

The putsch in Vienna was planned and carried out by a group of Austrian Nazis who felt that the compromise to be effected at Riccioni—whither Dollfuss would have gone on July 29 if he had been alive—would react unfavorably on their own aspirations. They recognized that the events of June 30 had weakened Hitler's position and were persuaded that only immediate action could win Austria for Anschluss and the National Socialist idea. Apparently they were convinced—and this conviction was clearly nurtured by the promises of the blundering German Minister—that the German government, after an initial period of benevolent neutrality, would permit the splendidly equipped and armed Austrian (Nazi) Legion stationed at the Bavarian-Austrian border to come to the assistance of its brethren in the mother country.

That was their great mistake. For even if Hitler were not the inveterate opportunist and demagogue the last eighteen months have shown him to be, he could have come to the assistance of his Austrian comrades only if he had been willing to accept war with every other European nation as the price to be paid. The Hitler regime could no longer count on the support of a blindly devoted majority which was the fundamental prerequisite for victory, nor could it count on the neutrality of the British against France which had been its greatest foreign asset in the recent past. In short there was nothing Hitler desired less than an uprising of his supporters in Austria at this moment. When it occurred he moved precipitously to absolve himself and his regime from responsibility. He closed the borders to the

Austrian Legion on the one hand and to fugitive Austrian Nazis on the other. He recalled the stupidly indiscreet envoy to Vienna and repudiated Dr. Rieth's guaranties for safe conduct for the Nazi rebels. He threatened to arrest every refugee who came from Austria to German soil. All of which spelled defeat for the hopes of the Austrian insurgents before they had well begun.

The fight of the Nazis in Austria was lost, indeed, in the moment when Mussolini mobilized his troops for a possible Austrian invasion. These Italian soldiers, between 50,000 and 100,000 in number, would have crossed the border the moment developments in the neighboring republic indicated a possible victory for the Nazi insurrectionists. Mussolini demanded and was granted full power to act and all necessary support by the governments of France and Great Britain. Not even armed intervention by the German government could have brought victory to the Austrian Nazis. Yet in the face of insuperable odds they refused to accept defeat. It is probable that their premature attempt, coupled with the disintegration of Hitler's power in the Reich, has destroyed the possibility of a Nazi victory over the Austrian people.

Their opponents, to be sure, are far from united. The new government which, like that of Dollfuss, represents a coalition of Christian Social and Heimwehr forces, is torn by internal dissension. The Christian Social Party, whose chief representative in the Cabinet, Dr. Schuschnigg, carried the day against the Heimwehr chief, Prince Ernst Starhemberg, after a week of haggling uncertainty controls the important posts in the Cabinet despite the threat of the Heimwehr leaders that they would offer political resistance if the already appointed Starhemberg were removed. The appointment of Schuschnigg, a clerical bureaucrat with strong monarchist leanings, brings a factor into the Austrian situation which the Mussolini-Hitler issue had crowded into the background. Clearly the Vatican which, contrary to Starhemberg's protector, the Italian dictator, strongly favors a return of the Catholic Hapsburgs, has carried the day. The new Chancellor, though reactionary to the core, is less inclined than the adventurer Starhemberg to political extravaganzas and to the chauvinism which would have enticed that irresponsible blusterer into one international complication after the other. There are rumors that France and England have already given their consent to the restoration, that Italy and the Little Entente are to be persuaded to accept this solution of the Austrian problem by guaranteeing young Otto's promise that he and his government under no circumstances will aspire to or accept sovereignty over extra-Austrian territory, unless sanctioned by each and all of the partners to the agreement. The Holy See, one learns from reliable sources, has offered to act as "stake holder" in the deal. It would force Austria to keep its promise of territorial safety for the neighboring states and would insist on withdrawal of its demands for revision of the Treaty of St. Germain, condemning it thereby to a continuation of its present financial and economic dependence on Italy and France. But while this is the case there can be no solution of the Danu-



bian question and no guaranty for the peace of Europe.

These rumors are confirmed by almost identical cables from Rome, Paris, and London reporting that the respective governments are about to present their ultimati to Berlin, demanding that all propaganda in Austria shall cease and that acceptable guaranties be given of the Reich's intention to keep its word. Other less convincing dispatches tell of insistence on reduction and partial disarmament of the SA and SS troops. But in this direction danger lies and England will think twice before it sanctions terms which Germany cannot possibly accept. Mussolini will withdraw his troops and Germany will accept any proposal which permits it to save its face before its people. The nations of Europe, afraid of what war will bring, will build golden bridges for Hitler to cross.

## Labor and Industry

LABOR'S struggle for higher wages, shorter hours, and collective bargaining grows steadily more intense. According to conservative estimates American workers who still have jobs have lost at least 15,000,000 days since January 1 because of strikes or lock-outs. The United States Department of Labor reports that 1,926,035 days were lost in January. In May the figure rose to 3,477,893. And the figure for July, covering the period of the San Francisco general strike, will probably be even higher.

The central issue in most of the strikes has been recognition of the union; and the workers have grown more and more militant in their methods. In San Francisco, Minneapolis, Toledo, Montana, Milwaukee, and other strike centers, they have succeeded in bringing the life of the community to a standstill by means of a power often quite out of proportion to the actual number of strikers. And they have been able to do this only because they have had the sympathy of an important section of the community. In Toledo the strikers were supported by the masses of unemployed in that industrial city which collapsed early in the depression and has ever since been so prostrate that the unemployed worker can no longer look upon his employed fellow as a rival but only as another potentially unemployed worker. In Montana the strike of the miners has become the focus for the deep and widespread hatred of the Anaconda Copper Company that is felt in every community in the State. In Milwaukee public resentment against the power monopoly expressed itself in a picket line which was overwhelmingly composed of plain citizens who, like the electric employees on strike, had been exploited by the public utilities. In San Francisco the 100,000 people who took part in the strike were after all not only workers but members of the community. The mad red-hunts which later took place were not the spontaneous expression of an outraged citizenry. They were incited and carried out by a small minority of business and industrial interests bent upon discrediting 100,000 workers and citizens who asked only honorable working conditions.

These lawless raids upon the organizations and even the homes of workers in California are the most flagrant examples so far of another major development which has kept pace with the growth of labor unrest. This is the growth of fascist influences which are appearing consistently in

connection with strikes. Throughout California vigilantes are terrorizing "communists" in the agricultural sections as well as in the industrial centers. In Minneapolis the Citizens' Alliance and the Law and Order League are active; South Jersey, scene of the recent strike at the Seabrook Farms, has its minute men. In York County, Pennsylvania, "substantial citizens" carry firearms by permission of the authorities.

The cleavage between the "haves" and the "have-nots" will grow more critical as continuing depression further undermines the security of the workers and the profits of employers. On many fronts bitter battles are being fought over wage demands as low as \$12 a week. The NRA minimum which has precipitated so many walkouts does not average more than \$15. Yet the figure commonly accepted as a bare subsistence wage is \$1,500 a year or \$30 weekly.

*The Nation* believes that its readers and the American people as a whole are deeply interested in the struggle through which so many thousands of their fellow citizens are trying to force decent living conditions. It believes also that the daily press, dominated as it is by those who own rather than by those who work, is giving an inadequate and distorted picture of the present labor unrest. For these reasons *The Nation* establishes with this issue a special section on Labor and Industry. Within its limited space we shall try to build up over a period of months an adequate and reliable picture of what is taking place among both industrial and agricultural workers, unemployed as well as employed. We shall give particular attention to the fascist developments already mentioned, which are so fraught with menace to a liberty-loving people. In this venture we solicit the active cooperation of men and women throughout the country who wish to see the important issues between capital and labor decided on the basis of their merit, and who feel with us that there can be no permanent labor peace until the worker obtains not only decent working conditions but the power, through collective bargaining, to control those conditions.

## Too Much Weather

THE immemorial struggle between the farmer and his earth has this year taken on a peculiar intensity. From Canada to Texas, and from the Mississippi to the Rockies, the average farmer would be out all day praying for rain—except that he is too busy trying to invent ways to bring water to dying stock and parched fields. It is reported that in parts of Kansas derricks bloom as freely as in oil-boom days, but they are working day and night driving shafts into the earth to find water. Thousands of otherwise impoverished farmers are on government pay, laying pipe lines, lowering the outlets of lakes and ponds, diverting what is left of streams. Water is being pumped from sources fifty miles away to relieve the residents of Imperial Valley, California, and Lawrence Westbrook, assistant FERA administrator in charge of drought relief, reports that in one town a two-inch pipe was laid to a spring five miles away when the local water supply was exhausted and the townspeople were buying water at as high as a dollar a barrel.

What this state of affairs has done to the AAA crop-reduction program is all too obvious. Secretary Wallace is quoted as saying that, with the exception of the cotton crop,



all farm surpluses may very well be wiped out by the drought. Wheat, cattle, hogs, dairy products, milk, and possibly corn—if it does not rain very shortly—will be in a state of depletion unknown for years. And there may be an actual shortage of hay, oats, and bran during the coming winter. The wheat crop averaged, from 1927 to 1931, 886,359,000 bushels. This year the forecast is for a yield of 483,662,000 bushels. In Missouri it is estimated that the corn crop lost about a hundred million bushels during July. The Missouri oat yield is thought to be about 10 per cent of the normal crop; grass for feed is about 15 to 20 per cent of normal. In Oklahoma federal statisticians reported the corn crop a failure in nine counties, and not more than 10 per cent normal in twenty-one counties—more than a third of the whole State. The Kansas corn crop declined 50,000,000 in about three weeks in July, leaving about a third of the normal yield.

It is almost impossible to compute the financial losses implied by these failures of the earth to yield its accustomed harvest. The crop damage in Nebraska alone is estimated at \$156,000,000; and it would be easy to extend similar computations—to include stock as well as grain—until the total ran near the billion mark. The federal government has already allocated some twenty million dollars for the relief of the drought areas, and there is no doubt that millions more will be needed. Secretary Wallace promises that from four to seven million head of cattle will be purchased before the year is out, and will be made into canned beef to be distributed to families on federal relief. And work relief now takes the form of increasing the water supply and driving starving and thirsty cattle to ranges where food and water may be had.

This is a problem which immediately and directly involves about a third of the country—in area if not in population—and involves the rest by the threat of a limitation in the food supply. O. W. Roberts, chief of the Bismarck (North Dakota) Weather Bureau Station, who has spent years studying meteorological conditions in that area, feels that the problem is only a temporary one. That a season of normal rainfall will bring the soil back to its customary moisture. There are plenty of others who believe that much of the present drought region is gradually approaching desert conditions. The sub-surface water is sinking lower and lower. There was a time when twenty-foot wells sufficed; now the artesian wells which followed them currently run dry. In the light of this view of the situation, the government plan for the creation of a forest windbreak 1,300 miles long from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico is about to be undertaken. The project will be in the nature of an enormous relief scheme, it will take about ten years to complete, and will cost upwards of \$70,000,000. If it succeeds—that is, if the trees are planted and live—there is small doubt that it will materially improve the moisture conditions of the affected regions. It may even prevent a drought similar to the one we are now experiencing. In the meanwhile we have the problem of some half a million farmers who may need actually to move from their present farms to land which they can cultivate. And we face a possible sharp rise in food prices next winter as a result of a shortage of grain and breed stock. Farming is a stern business; and in the age of the machine it is perhaps a little humbling to see how firmly it is guided by the authority of the wind and the rain.

## Theology and Birth Control

MANY readers have commented by letter upon our recent editorial *The Paradox of Birth Control*. For the most part, non-Catholics contented themselves with reiterating medical doubts concerning the reality of the so-called "sterile period," but several members of the Catholic church have protested that we did not recognize the logic of their position. The method sanctioned by its propagandists is, they say, "natural." Contraception by mechanical or chemical methods, on the other hand, is "unnatural." Or, as an editorial in a Catholic newspaper declared, "the sterile period was created by God," while the methods advocated by the birth-control clinics "defeat God's purpose."

With the best will in the world we are unable to see in all this anything except the most trivial quibbling and we do not believe that our failure to be convinced is, as one correspondent suggested, due exclusively to the fact that we have given up all faith in God. If He ordained the "sterile period" then surely He also consented, at least, to the invention of chinasol, and we find it impossible to conceive how a chemical reality can be any less "natural" than a physiological one. Nor, if the question is theologically a question of "use" and "abuse," do we see by what means it can be proved that deliberately to take advantage of the "sterile period, is to "use" a natural fact while to take advantage of an equally natural chemical fact is to "abuse" it. If we were concerned with theology we should hesitate to assume that "God's purpose" could be defeated and we find it difficult to believe that it is wrong to accomplish with scientific certainty what it is right to attempt by relying upon a vulgar—and possibly erroneous—belief. Superstition is not somehow sacred and science somehow impious.

It is strange to find the Catholic church reviving a type of argument which we thought of as now current only in those remote communities where airplanes are still regarded as a defiance of God's law and the employment of any medicines not compounded out of "herbs" is thought to constitute black magic. One does, to be sure, still occasionally hear it said that efforts to render childbirth less painful are impious because "if God had not intended women to suffer he would not have ordained labor-pains at all." But the official attitude of the Catholic church on birth control strikes us as peculiarly benighted—almost exactly parallel to that taken a hundred years ago when Morton introduced ether. It is hard to imagine now how anyone could have seriously believed that to render a surgical patient insensible to pain was to commit a grave sin. Yet we ourselves feel very sure that, a century hence, hair-splitting discussions of the distinction between "natural" and "unnatural" methods of birth control will seem quite as fantastic.

Once it has been admitted that the number of offspring ought to be consciously controlled, it seems difficult to maintain without absurdity that this control becomes sinful as soon as it ceases to be bungling and uncertain. Whatever it is legitimate to do at all it is certainly legitimate to do in the surest and safest way possible.

## Issues and Men

### Robert M. LaFollette, Jr.

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR. entered public life under difficult circumstances. He was the son and namesake of his father, a great man and a true patriot, whose wisdom in opposing America's entry into the World War has now been justified a thousand times over—even Senator Borah admits the dreadful mistake the country made. Now sons of distinguished fathers are usually so overshadowed by their sires as to be afflicted with a complete inferiority complex; the sons of great men are usually failures, or inconspicuous, or "monotonously good," as a charming and vivacious Belgian woman once remarked of her distinguished but dull American husband. Robert LaFollette, Jr., was his father's secretary and therefore all the more likely to play second fiddle. Beyond that, he was always delicate and was so ill for a long time as to be unable to go to college; instead of having a number of professors, he sat at the feet of only one, from whom he learned much that is never acquired in class-room or laboratory. The only time the senior LaFollette was ever known to absent himself from his Senatorial duties was when, for months and months, he sat by the bedside of this beloved son, fearing to lose him.

When the father died, the Republicans of the State of Wisconsin, ashamed and repentant of their treatment of him during the war, offered his place to his widow. Her undue modesty forbade, so it went to the older son. Naturally his election placed him in an extremely difficult position. He was young—barely over the legal age. He had made few public appearances; he had travelled little and knew other countries not at all. Able to address an audience easily, he was conscious of not being an orator. He was equally conscious that his every act and every speech would be compared to his father's; people were sure to say: "How much less able he is than his sire." Again, he was aware that his youth placed great restrictions upon him; the older Senators were likely to disregard him because of his boyish appearance. Four things were in his favor: He realized all of these things; he was modest and entirely without conceit; he had extremely good common-sense and knew just what he was and where he stood; and his long experience with his father had made of him an extremely good parliamentarian, familiar with Senatorial practice and the machinery of the Senate's Committees.

With this equipment he kept his feet squarely on the ground. The fact that he knew that he owed all to his name kept his head from being swollen. He at once began to read biography and works on government to widen his knowledge. Best of all he profited by the example of our senior Senator from New York, old Doctor Copeland, the radio-advertiser and "dinner-bell," who talks endlessly and says nothing, and others of this type. I think it was a full year before he made a real speech; he lost nothing and gained a lot by the delay. Having served for nearly two terms he is no longer the "baby" of the Senate and for years past older Senators have come in to listen to what he has to say. Not an inspired orator, his delivery has steadily improved, while

his speeches are always well-documented and solid. In the committee-room, too, the other Senators have come to respect and admire him; he has warm friends among those who are diametrically opposed to his political views—friendships based upon regard for his earnestness and sincerity and his refusal to play the political game to his own advantage. In short, he has become more and more useful and valuable as his years of service have lengthened. He is now one of the veterans, for to his nine years in the Senate Chamber must be added all those years as his father's aide and assistant. No one knows Washington better. Others may be more brilliant, more spectacular, may make the first pages far oftener. This Senator is one of the steady, hardworking, creative men who form a choice minority in that body. No one calls him "wild-eyed," or sensational. He moves along a straight path, and he is lured neither to one side nor the other.

Hence it would be a public misfortune if the voters of Wisconsin should fail to return Senator LaFollette to the chamber which he ornaments and enriches. The difficulty is that, as the *Nation's* readers are aware, he has had to leave the Republican Party and set up a new standard to which honest men, disgusted with both the old parties, might repair. Long ago I urged this upon him; but, in his judgment, the time was not ripe until this year. It was an anachronism that he and his father and brother called themselves Republicans, even if they weakened the dose by calling themselves Progressive Republicans. Now the two brothers can no longer stomach what is left of the Republicans, and the Democratic Party of Wisconsin is no better. So they have decided to put themselves at the head of the growing radicalism of their State by creating a third party, the Progressives, under whose banner the Senator is running. He was quite ready for the change himself and realized some time ago that it was inevitable. Wisconsin is bitterly disappointed by many things in the NRA and its lack of enforcement, and the failure of Roosevelt to live up to the pledge to labor in Section 7-a of the recovery law. It is fed up, too, on the Democratic State Administration which is just another political gang. Of course, the Senator speaks favorably of the President and the New Deal, but, like many of us who do so, he makes his reservations and exceptions and records his dissents. The NRA does not go far enough for him and his followers.

Meanwhile his evolution is steady if slow. He still does not grasp the full significance of the part the tariffs have played in bringing about the political corruption, the privilege, the predatory wealth he has so long fought. But he will see that yet. Meanwhile I wish to help him to victory as far as I can by recording my complete faith in his rectitude, his unselfishness, his earnestness, and his devotion.

*Isabel Garrison Villard*

A Cartoon by LOW



THE ENEMY BULLETS CANNOT KILL.

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# August, 1914: a Symposium

## They All Lied—and Europe Went to War

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

EUROPE, in that first half of 1914, was a serene and pleasant land compared to the Europe we are watching in 1934. It seemed so to me then, a student at the University of Freiburg, ecstatically tramping the hills of the Black Forest and reciting German poetry to the fir-trees; it seems so to me now, looking back at the structure of international intrigue which we now say "inevitably" led to the World War.

Crisis had followed crisis; yet the constantly prophesied world war had been evaded. There had been a dramatic moment in 1908, when Austria had annexed Bosnia and the Entente had threatened to veto the action, and had then backed down; there had been a Morocco crisis from which both Germany and France had emerged a little humiliated; Italy had actually waged a desultory war against Turkey in 1911; the First Balkan War had exploded in 1912, forcing Turkey to make peace with Italy; and the Second Balkan War had followed in the summer of 1913. Germany was building up her navy; France had installed three-year military service; "Berlin-to-Bagdad" and "Cape-to-Cairo" were inflammatory slogans. But the Powers, for all their hostilities, for all the inflamed passions which burst out in the newspapers, had contrived to "localize" the conflicts; world war had been staved off.

There were no unbalanced Hitlers in Europe in 1914, and no Mussolinis. There was a Kaiser in Germany, an emotional fussbudget with an exaggerated ego; but the records revealed since the war show that, silly as he was, he did not expect or want a world war. In Austria the chief of staff, Conrad von Hötzendorff, sincerely convinced that troublesome Serbia must be punished, was ready to take any risk to win his end. In France Poincaré as sincerely believed war ultimately inevitable; for years he had been working to cement his system of alliances in preparation for it, and thereby helped to make it genuinely inevitable. He had allies in the Russians Izvolsky and Sazonov; and there was a party in Petersburg which believed that a good, quick war would arouse pan-Slav patriotism and end revolt. In England the pious Sir Edward Grey wobbled, ready to go a little way in any direction, and was solemnly, virtuously ignorant what any step in any direction meant.

No one really knew what was happening, not even the statesmen. The British had been negotiating with Germany for a division of the Portuguese colonies and a settlement of the controversies centering about the Berlin-Bagdad Railway; the Germans thought that meant no British interference in a Continental war. But the British had also been permitting their naval and military authorities to conduct, with the French specialists, discussions as to common action in case of war, which naturally convinced the French that

the British were definitely on their side. It was all very confidential; and a noble gentleman like Sir Edward Grey saw nothing wrong in concealing half his acts from half his colleagues, or in framing verbal formulas intended to deceive the sovereign British Parliament. "The Cabinet was never informed of these vital arrangements," says Lloyd George, one of the Cabinet members kept in ignorance, "until we were so deeply involved in the details of military and naval plans that it was too late to repudiate the inference."

"The nations slithered over the brink into the boiling cauldron of war without any trace of apprehension or dismay," says the same eloquent gentleman, looking back with less sense of personal responsibility than some of the more apologetic memoir-writers. Even in the last week of July, "I met no responsible Minister who was not convinced that, in one way or another, the calamity of a great European war would somehow be averted. . . . In looking back upon the incidents of those few eventful days . . . the impression left on my mind is one of utter chaos, confusion, feebleness, and futility, especially of a stubborn refusal to look at the rapidly approaching cataclysm."

If, looking back after twenty years, the individuals in charge of Europe's destiny in 1914 seem both less able and less deliberately wicked than they seemed, say, ten years ago, their role toward their own peoples appears no less despicable. No group of statesmen were honest to their own people. The German white, the British blue, the Russian orange, the Belgian grey, the French yellow, and the Austrian red books—all the rainbow books—were tissues of deliberate deception. They selected documents, omitted dangerous phrases, added words that were not in the originals, with as little sense of responsibility to the truth as the Hitler propaganda-sheets, which have replaced what was the German press, show today. They all lied.

The world press in 1934 is perhaps somewhat more healthily cynical toward the revelations of diplomatic policy vouchsafed the peoples by their government than in 1914. But not much. If there is no longer a Czarist government bribing, with the cynical connivance of the French Foreign Office, virtually the entire Paris press, there are international armament firms to take its place. And Hitler and Mussolini are undoubtedly less honest, more emotional, and more irresponsible today than were the Kaiser and Poincaré in 1914.

But there is one important, and really encouraging, difference between the Europe of 1914 and the Europe of 1934. There is one Great Power today which is bound by no alliances, secret or open, which is genuinely determined not to become involved in a world war which would spell defeat or set-back of a domestic program to which it is passionately devoted, a Power which all the other Great Powers in varying degrees hate and fear. Soviet Russia, of course. Soviet Russia is the chief check-rein on Western Europe today; the only encouraging feature in a sky which otherwise looks so much more troubled than the horizon of 1914. While Austria shivers under the impact of civil war, the Powers stand by, determined to prevent the re-formation of

the old Austrian-German alliances—and with a respectful eye cocked in the direction of the most formidable of all European nations. In July, 1914, when Messrs. Feiler and Prévost, Read and Stearns were surveying their Europe, they had no slightest inkling of the portent to the East.

## A Restless London

By LESLIE READ

**M**ANY accounts have been written of the significant events of 1914—the comings and goings of ambassadors, the grave speeches, the fateful telegrams flashing across Europe through the hot July nights, the mobilizations, and so on. But much less has been written of the trivia of that year.

The London of 1914 is now an almost forgotten city, but to me—a young man newly arrived from what was then known as “the Colonies”—it was a strange and exciting revelation. The reason for the strangeness, of course, was obvious, but the excitement, I believe, was felt by maturer and more sophisticated persons. Almost every day a new sensation seized the interest of the public, and it is curious and significant to recall how many of these sensations, or pseudo-sensations, were used by the press to arouse and flatter the patriotism of the British public.

In May, for example, the German steamer *Vaterland* set out on her maiden voyage to New York, where she had considerable trouble in docking. The British *Aquitania*, likewise on her maiden voyage, had no difficulty whatever in New York, and so the press excelled itself in congratulations over this latest proof of Britannia's command of the seas.

At that time Germany was less sensational than Ireland, but nevertheless the existence of the German menace had been thoroughly inculcated into the consciousness of the British public, and had percolated even to the schoolboy level. While my elders had been stirred with pictures of the coming German invasion such as those contained in the play “An Englishman's Home” and Erskine Childers's novel “The Riddle of the Sands” (incidentally one of the best adventure stories ever written), my generation had revelled in horrifying stories like “The Swoop of the Eagle,” a serial which ran in a very popular magazine. The end of the story, I recall, somewhat daringly described the meeting between the king and his prisoner the Kaiser after the defeat of the invasion. “‘Cousin,’ the Kaiser began with an ingratiating smile. ‘Sir, you have forfeited your claim to that title,’ the king interrupted sternly. . . .”

But for the most part Germany meant nothing more than a vague scare, commercial travelers, and itinerant bands. Flying provided a minor sensation that summer. An odd airplane or two over the Hendon flying field invariably drew a crowd, and somebody was always flying, or trying to fly, round Great Britain. As often as not the aeronaut broke his neck, but then he was usually a Continental. On Saturday afternoons a number of large yellow balloons drifted over London, but they were too ordinary to provide any excitement.

Indeed the important things were Ireland, the suffragettes, and sport. Nobody, young or old, could escape Ireland. The names of Carson, Redmond, Bonar Law, and

“F. E.” were shouted from every newspaper billboard. I had difficulty in discovering what it was all about and just as I was beginning to solve the riddle a new factor appeared. This was described as the “Curragh Incident,” and in blunt English it meant nothing more or less than a mutiny in the army. That was too much for me, for I knew that a British soldier (1) did or died, (2) was equal to innumerable Frenchmen, (3) thundered into the jaws of death without reasoning why, but never, never disobeyed an order.

The suffragettes, on the other hand, were simpler. In a sweets shop one day I saw a row of hideous dolls, dressed in felt hats, white blouses, and check tweed skirts. At their feet was a card with the words, “We are the suffragettes. Votes for women.” In short, they looked very much as the *Times* described them: “Fanatical and irresponsible creatures who did their own cause nothing but harm.” The idea of slashing a beautiful painting shocked me as much then as now, however worthy the cause of the slasher might be, but later when I chanced to see a policeman dragging away a woman, who looked no less a lady than my own mother despite her bleeding face, and heard her jeered at as a suffragette, it illogically flashed into my young head that there must be more to these “fanatical creatures” than the mutilation of the Rokeby Venus or the burning of country houses.

But as for sport, a child could understand that—and did. Even now I doubt whether all the post-war sporting booms of one kind or another ever equalled the sheer craziness of that era. It was not necessary in that year for the press to whip up sporting excitement; the public did it themselves. Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht *Shamrock IV*, which was “certain” to bring back the America's Cup, became almost a symbol of imperial greatness. As regards polo, one Sunday morning from the top of a bus I read a newspaper poster roaring of “England's Smashing Polo Victory,” and although I did not know whom we had “smashed” I was patriotically elated. There was cricket galore, there was lawn tennis, and above all there was boxing. Another Sunday morning in the park I was in the midst of a sudden rising of men and shutting of ladies' parasols to behold the awful progress of a huge and resplendent Negro, who was accompanied by a rather frightened-looking white woman. There was a murmur as the legendary name was pronounced, “Jack Johnson.” But it was not so much the heavyweight champion of the world, who made boxing what it was, as the French “White Hope,” Georges Carpentier. Nobody who wants to give a true impression of the London of 1914 can omit a reference to the French boxer. I believe in France he was vaguely confused with Joan of Arc, and in England he was at least a national character. As Carpentier had recently disposed of the British champion in very few seconds, the honor of England demanded that Carpentier himself should be humbled. Accordingly, amidst immense excitement a British amateur boxer went over to Paris, and there in a secret rendezvous did in fact hold off the Frenchman longer than had the British professional champion. The amateur, who remained conscious, I believe, well into the third minute of the first round, was carried shoulder high on his triumphant return. But Carpentier himself was popular (was not France somehow vaguely sworn to friendship with us?), and so when he came to London about the middle of July to fight the American, Gunboat Smith, he too had a



passionate welcome at Charing Cross. Even the *Times*, which its noble and magnanimous owner had recently placed within the reach of all by reducing its price to one penny, admitted that "London had gone fight mad." Other papers shrieked of "the climax in the boxing boom," hawkers sold Carpentier's picture in the streets, and shortly the whole thing was described as a "fiasco." Mr. Smith had punched, or was alleged to have punched, M. Carpentier while the latter was on the floor, and consequently the fight was awarded to the Frenchman on a foul. Like millions of my countrymen, I anxiously awaited the exhibition of the film to decide whether or no Carpentier had in fact been fouled. The capital was divided into two camps over that historic punch, and the controversy lasted for the greater part of the twenty-odd days which remained of pre-war England.

Apropos of the cinema I recall seeing about this time what must have been a very early example of a talking picture. It was short, I believe it was in color, and it showed a number of young men singing to the accompaniment of a banjo. Some of the popular plays of the summer were "Potash and Perlmutter," "The Belle of New York," "Broadway Jones," and "Kismet." My family went more often to Covent Garden, and I constantly heard the name of Caruso.

As for London's outward appearance, the women wore long tight dresses and huge hats, and many of the men wore straw boaters. It was still possible to find a horse bus in South London, and it was not possible to avoid drunken people in any part of London. After twenty years I retain a clear picture of the horrible junction of the Harrow and Edgware roads one Saturday night with a screaming mob of drunken women, most of them pushing perambulators.

But at about the time the newspaper posters found a new sensation in the trial of a certain Mme. Caillaux, and the King was once more being worried by the Irish business, my parents unexpectedly returned from the Continent and said there was going to be a war. Carpentier and his foul suddenly—and disappointingly—yielded place to a thing then known as "Servia." On a Saturday morning—it must have been August 1—I went to the City with my father, and stood near the Exchange watching a long queue of people outside the bank while all about were excited murmurs of "a run on the bank." The following day I was in Whitehall amid a great crowd which had assembled to watch the arrival of Ministers for a Cabinet meeting—on Sunday! Of the Monday I remember nothing whatever, but on Tuesday afternoon, August 4, I was playing a little friendly cricket with some young cousins and others on a private lawn. Near by were a group of people, mostly friends of my parents, who were talking with much animation and excitement. They were presently joined by a young man known to me as "Archy." I immediately left the field to induce Archy to join the game. Besides being a good bat he was a painter, and it seemed that he had just arrived home from the Continent, where he had been painting at a town called Ypres. Like the good fellow he was, Archy came and played with us. Next day he came along and told us gleefully that "he had taken the King's shilling."

We were immensely excited. It was August 5, and we were at war. Britannia ruled the waves, the Irish had shaken hands, gallant little Belgium (or Servia?) had defied the world's greatest bully, we yelled "Vive la France!" (and

Carpentier!), and "God save the King" above all. The *Times*, with commendable promptitude, was good enough to begin a series of articles on "How to Be Useful in War Time," and just seven months later my friend Archy was blown to pieces—oddly enough at the town of Ypres.

## Paris Settles to a Siege

By JEAN PREVOST

ON that particular August 1 one might well wonder what the people of Paris were going to do. Where government and generals were concerned it was a satiric and mocking people; it hissed parades and it loved peace. The orator that it most liked to hear was Jaurès, the Socialist and pacifist, and Jaurès was assassinated July 31. Germany was already in a state of siege. According to the calculations of the military chiefs, 10 per cent of the potential soldiers was expected to desert in case of French mobilization.

During the day two posters covered the walls; the first denounced the murder of Jaurès and declared: "The assassin will be punished." The other poster, appearing toward evening, was the order for general mobilization.

The Parisians snatched the morning and evening papers; crowds stood in front of the offices of the important ones (especially that of the *Matin* on the Boulevard Poissonnière). The emotion was so great that the police had to forbid wandering newssellers to shout the news. A government proclamation declared: "Mobilization is not war," but that very evening the crowd, glancing at the papers, spread instantaneously throughout the city the news of the declaration of war between Germany and Russia; everyone was convinced that a general war would follow. Though the newspapers tried to veil and minimize it, a terrible apprehension aggravated the fever: England had not yet announced her decision. The next morning it was learned that the first German patrols had entered French territory—in the zone ten kilometers wide left unoccupied by the French troops. The evening papers published the news that German troops had entered Luxembourg.

Now came the first day of mobilization. The average number of deserters was not more than one in seventy-seven instead of one in ten. The crowd began to surge toward the Gare de L'Est; those who were not accompanying mobilized members of their family got provisions which they distributed to strangers. That day and the days following, the population amiably helped in requisitioning trucks and drivers; the theaters contributed the military costumes of their supers to dress the auto drivers and impromptu soldiers. The equipment and personnel of the railroads were insufficient to move the troops. There was also some apprehension concerning the attitude of railroad employees who, during the last forty years, had played a large part in general strikes. But the mechanics and engineers disposed of all initial difficulties by working forty-eight to seventy-two hours at a stretch.

On August 3, the windows of the German Embassy were broken and Germany's declaration of war came at 6:45. The public, however, still did not know that Berlin had demanded the return of Toul and Verdun as guaranties of French neutrality. The Ambassador, de Schoen, who was taken to Switzerland in a private car, had not transmitted



this demand, but the cause of the declaration (French airplanes over Nuremberg) drove the crowd into a fury.

On the morning of August 4 a great wave of joy broke over the city again: England entered the war.

Compulsory circulation of bank notes had been declared; to Parisians, accustomed to gold and silver as the only form of money, were distributed the first "coupures" of ten francs; they were accepted without dispute. A great many women, disturbed and remembering the siege of 1870 with its famine, hastily laid in provisions of rice, flour, and canned goods: this panic did not last. The Parisians readily became accustomed to receiving two official communiqués, one in the morning, one in the evening; the circulation of the evening papers, which had been small for fifteen years (except when some important trial was on), grew greatly and continued to prosper throughout the war.

From this moment on Paris unanimously followed the movement of the army. The government, making a gesture of confidence, burned the list of suspects; revolutionists showed themselves the most enthusiastic patriots. A great wave of joy greeted the first success of France in Lorraine—soon followed, alas, by a defeat the circumstances of which were not well understood. The invasion of Belgium aroused, during the first few days, more indignation than fear; Parisians grew enthusiastic over the resistance of Liège. But on August 15 commenced a great trial for Paris, harder to bear because the first enthusiasm had been so great.

The refugees from Belgium and from the Ardenne commenced to cross Paris. This reflux of peoples was a clear evidence of the invasion. But above all, the refugees, worn out with fatigue, terrified (especially the Belgians who have not the tradition of 1870) by the violence of the invasion, spread rumors and thus magnified the legend of German atrocities.

Between August 24 and the end of the month, half a million Parisians, largely women and children, left the city. Nevertheless the morale of the rest of the population remained firm. Hope was based partly on a false idea: that of the invincible power of the Russian army, the "steam roller" as the newspapers called it, which was bound to overwhelm Germany in the east; but it was supported, besides, by a very sensible trust in England. On the other hand it was known that the French flanks had been turned; nevertheless people were convinced that this yielding was not defeat. The first bombardments from German airplanes, which cut off the leg of a little girl, had been received with anger but also with curiosity; the police were obliged to advise against going into the street or climbing onto the roofs when the alarm was given.

On August 26, Gallieni was named military governor of Paris. At this moment Paris expected a siege; the General wrote in his diary: "No provisions, no munitions, no soldiers, and in eight days we may have the German cavalry before Paris." But Gallieni, the same day, went to work; if the last days of the month were to bring Parisians the worst tidings of the entire campaign, nevertheless their morale rose high.

On August 30 the rumor spread that a battle had been won at Guise (it was this one which enabled the French troops to straighten their lines). Confidence in the French cannon, the seventy-five, began to counter-balance the alarm which had been created by the heavy German cannon, vic-

tors at Liège and capable of crushing Paris. In addition, Gallieni mobilized all the resources of Paris as a fortified city; light fortifications would prevent that penetration which took place at Liège; trenches would reinforce the antiquated fortifications of Paris.

That habitual amusement of Parisians, a change in ministry, at this moment passed almost unperceived. Though Millerand had been attacked by the extreme right and the extreme left, his reputation for energy made him welcome at this moment. Nevertheless, neither the army nor the government seemed to have confidence in Paris. On August 25 the quartermaster-general contemplated a retreat to the Loire; during the last days of the month the government prepared to move and organized an evacuation of the Banque de France and the museums. Nevertheless the terrible communiqué ending "our positions remain the same from the Somme to the Vosges" created no panic in Paris. If the American ambassador prepared posters to protect Americans from menaces and requisitions, if a prefect of the police gone mad had prepared arm bands in German colors for the policemen, the city seemed to have received too much bad news to be troubled by more. It considered itself completely mobilized for the care of the wounded and for the spontaneous reprovisioning of troops in transit. On the thirty-first Paris did not yet know that the German right-wing was moving toward the east; in foreign countries the fall of Paris was regarded as inevitable. The city itself, nevertheless, was not disturbed; it was ready, the following week, more completely than it had been three weeks before, to cooperate with its garrison in preparing for a victorious offensive. Paris had removed its mask and taken on the qualities of the French peasant: patience, tenacity, silence.

## Germany at a Low Ebb

By ARTHUR FEILER

GERMANY entered 1914 in a seedy mood. The preceding year had produced ostentatious jubilees—the hundredth anniversary of the war of liberation against Napoleon and the twenty-fifth anniversary of Wilhelm II's accession to the throne. These festivals were pompous and mechanical, as all festivals were during the reign of this monarch—an abundance of gala uniforms and bombastic orations; the emperor, surrounded by his paladins, wearing his cuirass and his silver helmet with the eagle on its top. But in the words of a contemporary writer, "there was no fire flying through the streets, no contagious gladness among the people in the streets, the spirit stopped and we remained poor." Moreover, it was during these months of officially prescribed happiness that the impoverishment of Germany's political institutions was once more strikingly revealed. The emperor, who had so often excited public opinion by his irresponsible speeches, once again antagonized the people. In an agricultural meeting he introduced himself as an agriculturist, delivering a talk in which he proudly recorded the magnificent achievements in a manor owned by him in Pomerania. He had expelled an incapable tenant; he had begun to cultivate a quite unknown variety of rye with marvelous results; now all the farmers of this province were scrambling for his rye seeds in order to increase their

harvest. So he said. As a matter of fact the story was nothing but bluff. Every sentence was wrong. The famous new kind of rye had been cultivated throughout the province for twenty years. The contemptible tenant was a highly esteemed leader among the farmers of the community. And he had not been expelled but had gone to court to fight for his tenancy and had returned victorious. Germany laughed, but the laughter was bitter and full of humiliation.

Also the emperor's eldest son, at that time thirty-two years of age and already flattered by special groups as "the Emperor of the Future," began to compete with his father in such extravagances. He publicly applauded pan-German propagandists, even when the responsible German government was strongly opposed to their aspirations. During the centenary he compelled the Magistrate of Breslau (the capital of Silesia) to stop the presentation of a play written by Gerhart Hauptmann, at that time Germany's most famous poet, because this play gave the honor for the liberation of 1813 not so much to the princes as to the German people. And when at the end of 1913 the Zabern case excited Germany, he exhibited his martial feeling by sending a provocative telegram to the general involved. This Zabern case was itself one of the significant events of that time. A young lieutenant in a small Alsatian garrison attacked a civilian who he believed had insulted his uniform. He was backed by his superiors. From this incident developed a serious struggle between the military and the civilian administrations, revealing the whole unsolved problem of the army as a state within a state.

Because of this struggle the German Reichstag, half a year before the war, voted lack of confidence in the government, with a majority composed of the parties of the left together with the Catholic party. But this procedure only demonstrated the inadequacy of parliamentary rights in Germany. The imperial government did not even consider resigning. It depended on the confidence of the monarch, not of the parliament. The government was backed by the Prussian Diet, where the old Prussian conservatives, led by the big estate-owners, represented the real ruling classes, whose power was based on the three-class franchise which had proved impossible to abolish in spite of all attempts. Moreover, the opposition majority in the Reichstag wanted only to demonstrate, not to rule. It was satisfied by its own courageous vote, and did not expect anything serious to come of it. The same was true of the general political mood. There was a lot of criticism in the press, in public meetings, in private circles. Jokes about the emperor circulated even in the highest ranks of society. Sometimes a courageous speaker, a courageous writer, displayed the emptiness under the splendid surface, and sometimes such a disclosure succeeded in making an impression, at least for a time. But generally all this criticism consisted merely of talk.

This was especially true among the bourgeoisie. The more progressive part of it was at that time organized in the so-called "Hansabund," and the president of this organization very aptly characterized the prevailing mood as one of "comfortable despair." There was, indeed, a kind of despair in this urban middle-class of manufacturers, bankers, overseas merchants, and so on. They regarded the great German economic development of the past decades as their accomplishment, and with sulky discontent they saw that their rapidly growing importance in German economic life

brought with it no increase in political influence, that for the old rural aristocracy even the biggest captain of industry remained the "Industrie-Klempner." But this despair was entirely comfortable. It was accompanied by the satisfaction of growing profits, of growing wealth, of growing economic power in the growing fields of economic activity. Satisfied in this way the well-to-do middle class could easily put up with their political insignificance.

Even in the labor movement this mood became more and more prevalent. The Social-Democratic Party and its trade unions increased immensely in membership—the elections of 1912 brought 110 deputies of this party into the Reichstag—but the revisionist element overwhelmed more and more the original revolutionary idea. Eventually the party grew content to avert the worst things, to attain step by step a little progress for the workers and help them to get their part of the general prosperity. And even this became increasingly difficult. At the peak of the business cycle the masses of the employees suffered more from the high prices of commodities, especially food, than they enjoyed from the nominal increase in their wages and salaries. In 1913-1914 a depression set in, but the decline remained relatively small.

During these last peace years in Germany there were some tendencies in the direction of a new attitude toward life. The feminist movement tried "to secure to the woman the free development of all her forces and her full participation in the cultural life." The youth movement, setting in at that time and making evident the separation of the generations, claimed for the younger generation the right of developing their own lives in their own way, not bound by the conventions, the rules, the forms of life of the older generation. And this was allied with new forms and methods in education, represented especially by the new movement of the *Landerziehungsheime*. All these movements were more or less individualistic in their roots, aiming at a greater freedom, a freer development for the individual. But at the same time there was a deep desire, wide-spread and strengthened by the memory of 1813, not to remain permanently a single individual, but to be one of a united people.

Such was the situation in Germany when war broke out. Germany had increased her army in 1913 with enormous expenditures, just as in the same year France had prolonged military service from two to three years. There was a pan-German nationalistic agitation in Germany, just as there were imperialistic and nationalistic agitations in other countries. But also in Germany as well as in other countries many of the best men and women were fighting against the brutal senselessness of war, fighting for a common understanding of the peoples and for peace. In the early summer of 1914 nobody in Germany believed that war was possible, nobody acknowledged that war was imminent. Even after the murder of Sarajevo it was weeks before the German people realized the impending catastrophe.

All this is now twenty years behind. War went through the world, changing the features of the nations, destroying men and material wealth in unthinkable measures, degrading humanity, leaving consequences still unsolved. For Germany these twenty years have been one coherent sequence of passion—the war, the defeat, the inflation, the economic crisis, the National Socialist revolution. Only the few years from 1925 to 1928 gave a little rest to the tormented people. This fact must be borne in mind in order to understand how far



back pre-war Germany is from the Germany of today, so far back that actually it is difficult to remember these old events. Nevertheless, even these old forgotten times held some of the roots for what has happened since in Germany. Now even after these terrible twenty years the German passion is not yet ended. There is at least a lesson to be learned from that experience.

## America Walks by Itself

By HAROLD E. STEARNS

WELL, I also remember pretty vividly July 1, 1914—just twenty years ago. I was a young man, only a year out of Harvard, and I was on the ocean going towards England and France for my first trip abroad. The fox-trot, the "X-ray skirt," and the music of "Sari" were the thrills of a New York then reading the satire of Don Marquis, under the caption of *The Almost Perfect State in the Evening Sun*, while Doris Keane in Edward Sheldon's "Romance" represented the last word in histrionic ability, unless it was John Drew in W. Somerset Maugham's "Jack Straw" or Ethel Barrymore in the same prolific playwright's "Lady Frederick." The general intellectual and social mood was that of an almost hysterical optimism and self-assurance. Progress and continued prosperity were accepted as axioms; dire poverty had been abolished; war—an historical anachronism in that enlightened age, we were told—was swiftly being so; our present was amusing, and our future glorious. To be "liberal" meant in essence to be a person of good-will, and (outside, perhaps, the few spectacular "robber barons," as Mr. Josephson has termed them, whom we would have missed had they not been there, if only because they were a foil to the otherwise almost universal mood of social service) pretty much everybody was precisely such a person.

It seems difficult to believe now, but the prevalent popular notions about Europe were tinged with an amiable contempt, a kind of carry-over of the laughable experiences of Mark Twain with a French barber, such as he describes in "Innocents Abroad." From the then American point of view, European militarism was simply barbarism—a picturesque barbarism, if you wish, but a real barbarism nonetheless. *We* were enlightened; *we* knew the blessings of peace (the Civil War did not count, of course; that was our own private quarrel); *we* should never have arrogant officers, conscription, and the drill-sergeant; *we* had cast the temptations of imperialism far from us—did not Cuba prove it? Of course the monarchist, Czarist, and peasant-minded European populations might be expected still to linger in the shadows of superstition—for us, the wide open spaces, two oceans which guaranteed us immunity from invasion, and a free democratic spirit that would never tolerate tyranny or "the man on horseback." Besides, we were having pretty good luck with our democratic experiment, not merely politically but economically and scientifically. (Though we were still, to be sure, a bit self-conscious about our own literary and artistic efforts; still, that did not count for much—we could always import that, when necessary; we could even buy a whole castle, stone for stone, as one ambitious and successful merchant in actual fact did.) Europe could "stew

in her own juice"—that was the mood then, precisely as it is a mood recommended on a large scale today by a not unfamiliar popular publicist.

That I do not exaggerate (indeed, almost understate) will be readily agreed to by anyone who happened, as I did, to be "caught" in Europe when the war came. The instinctive turning homeward was carried out not merely with a sense of relief that we were not involved—it was much deeper than that, I think. It was the conviction that we could not be involved. We were "different"; we were pacifically-minded; we were Americans. And for the first time many people became almost sentimentally aware of that last truism. It is nowadays almost a cliché to remark—I have been guilty of saying it myself—that we became a nation in 1917, when the first boat-load of "our boys" sailed for "over there." But if we must set a date for this new, post-Civil-War nationalistic self-consciousness, I think a better one would be an earlier one, that of August, 1914, when Europe gave us a dramatic demonstration that she was still the Old World—and we, of course, the New. During those historically momentous last five months of 1914 not merely were we proud of our isolation but we were, too, relieved because of it. Gladly we snuggled in our new-found protective nationalistic blanket of isolation; with new-found historical fervor we re-read Washington's advice about "entangling alliances," and from a popular point of view our early neutrality was instinctive and honest, so that we did not regard it as at all surprising when President Wilson asked us to be neutral not merely in overt acts, but in thought as well. The earlier Roosevelt might affect to despise this pussy-footing, but if one looks at the record today, "Teddy's" detestation of a Wilsonian peace at almost any price was of much later growth, that is to say, it was a subsequent political hot-house plant rather than any flower of the native American prairie. Go back and read the headlines of those months of 1914 in the newspaper files—the tone was of a great show in a lunatic asylum; and I shall never forget a newsboy crying out at five-thirty of a late September afternoon, 1914, in Times Square, "Extra! Giants and Germans lose! Extra!"

But I remember even more vividly the Saturday afternoon in Paris, only a few weeks before, when the Order of General Mobilization was posted up all over the city at four o'clock in the afternoon. I had arrived in Paris (and my first trip to the Continent, too!) Thursday afternoon from Ostend, where I had spent a couple of days with Walter Lippmann. That evening Jaurès was assassinated, and—my first evening in Paris—I went through the streets of the city joining with the crowds that were demonstrating and singing the "Internationale." It had looked as if the pacifist and working-class forces might stop the war—re-read Brand Whitlock to obtain an idea of how strong the movement was in Belgium, too. All day Friday was one of tension, tremendous heat, and wild rumors. Saturday at noon I went out to the Pavillon Bleu at Saint-Cloud, coming back by one of the little Seine river boats, alighting at the Concorde Station I should say around quarter past four. I walked up the Rue Royale and followed a crowd to the outside of a small postoffice building on the walls of which was posted up that fatal "Order of General Mobilization of the Armies of the Land, the Sea, and the Air." It was war! I knew it, despite the phrase towards the end, which said, "Concito-



yens, n'oubliez pas, la mobilisation n'est pas la guerre." But all around me I heard the phrase I have never since forgotten: "Ça y est! ça y est!"

The newspaper stories from Paris that day were hysterical. But the citizens were not—never let anyone persuade you of that. There were "demonstrations" again that night—patriotic ones this time, with "C'est Alsace et la Lorraine" sung to the plaintive tune of "Under the Bridges of Paris"—but they were sad and subdued "demonstrations." There was a sense of relief from long waiting and tension, but there was no hilarity, no joy. On street-corners you saw fathers kissing their sons goodbye; the railroad stations were jammed, of course, but I didn't hear much singing. You felt that these people knew what this war meant—death for many of them, perhaps death to the whole civilization they had learned to love. I was glad to get out of Paris the next day; for once in my life I was glad to set foot on English soil on Monday morning, August 3. I had talked with people—mostly English, with a sprinkling of rather hysterical Americans—both on the train from Paris to Dieppe, on the crowded Channel boat, and on the train going up to London. For most of them it was like the end of the world, and I think they meant that, too. There was a sense of foreboding and disaster.

That is why the next day—or rather the next evening, for the ultimatum to Germany expired at 11 o'clock (and newsboys ran through the streets of London shouting, "England at War with Germany")—I was not able to understand the curious quality of the English "demonstration." People in the National Liberal Club, of course, sat around weeping and wondering—but why didn't they go into the streets? For, quite unlike Paris, London was gay and drunken and festival-like that evening of August 4, 1914.

Taxicabs would scoot down Charing Cross Road, girls on the roof, with their dresses above their knees, singing. I was a young man; I had only read about "Mafeking Night." I thought the demonstration—especially its insane, carnival-like quality—was just another proof of English "insularity," and perhaps I was right. For the very next day, all over London, blossomed forth those signs that a bit later were to seem so ironical: "Business as Usual."

If the war had been a short one—as everybody I then talked with in London either believed, or wanted to believe—those signs might have later been solemnly brought forward by historians as proofs of the fact that the English do not easily become rattled, instead of being cited, as now, as confirmations of obtuseness. But at the time they really expressed something else—the deep desire for stability, for an orderly world, where wars were merely "continental adventures," designed to preserve the balance of power. Certainly the bulk of French people didn't want any war in 1914—the way they acted in Paris convinced me of it. Certainly the bulk of English people wanted to ignore the war in 1914—the way they acted in London (remember always I am speaking of before the Battle of the Marne) convinced me of it. How the Germans felt, I don't know; as Mr. Will Rogers says, "I only know what I read in the papers." But it struck me as strange and hateful—I remember a wave of helpless rage that flooded over me a Sunday or two later at Saint Albans, where I saw youngsters drilling—that the political and international structure of the civilized world was such that two normally pacific nations could be caught in the toils of a great war, when I knew that the ordinary citizen in both countries had as much immediate interest in the quarrel as he had in that of the bloody differences between two brigands in Corsica.

## New Deal Balance Sheet

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

Washington, July 27

**E**VEN before he was nominated, although the incident seemed generally overlooked at the time, President Roosevelt had voiced an insistence on the redistribution of the national income which heartened those grown weary over talk of prosperity reappearing around that still unlocated corner. In a speech at Oglethorpe University in Georgia in which he referred to the failure of wages during the boom period to "rise proportionately to the reward of capital," he said specifically that the need was for "a wiser, more equitable distribution of the national income."

Any idea that this was only campaign palaver—for that thought had found lodgment even in the minds of some captains of industry—should have been dispelled when the President spoke out as recently as last March 5, a year after his inauguration. Then, extemporaneously addressing several hundred unenthusiastic code-authority officials summoned to Washington by General Johnson, he was still more specific.

"What we seek," he said, "is a balance in our economic system—balance between agriculture and industry and balance between the wage earner, the employer, and the con-

sumer. . . . The methods and details of that reorganization [of "a disintegrating system of production and exchange"] may and will change from year to year, but it is very certain that the American people understand that the purpose of the reorganization was not only to bring back prosperity. . . . The reorganization must be permanent for all the rest of our lives, so that never again will we permit the social conditions which allowed vast sections of our population to exist in an un-American way, which allowed a maldistribution of wealth and power."

This was even more heartening, and it gave validity to the Oglethorpe diagnosis of 1933. But were these promises fulfilled? The first great hope, of course, was from the NRA, probably largely as a result of the unrivalled ballyhoo which General Johnson built up around that mushroom organization. The ballyhoo may have been of some psychological benefit—there had to be some quick tricks while possibly sounder plans were being studied—but if the NRA has transferred any current income from those who have too much to those who have too little no one has ever collated the figures or raised any paeans about it. Probably it has been more successful in "sharing the work" than the still-born Hoover-

Teagle scheme, and that, in a day of desperation, was something. Probably it set effective wage minima in certain industries, although such shockingly low ones that the mind sickens in contemplating them. Probably it gave some encouragement to labor to go out and try to beat wages higher than these minima out of their employers, but when one reads of the recent action in the Harriman mills case the encouragement pretty well disappears. In sum, the NRA's accomplishments seem to have been to create higher prices to go with allegedly higher wages, with a dubious prospect that the wages will ever catch up with the prices, let alone pass them. The General called on God to inspire the employers to keep prices down, but not with much success.

The AAA, brought into being at about the same time but with much less fanfare, has been more successful. According to the latest figures, it has collected \$385,000,000 in processing taxes, of which something more than \$200,000,000 already has gone to the farmers in benefit payments, land rentals, and surplus purchases. The curtailment of production coupled with these payments undoubtedly has played a part, too, in bringing higher crop prices. Total farm income, including the benefit payments, has increased 25 per cent, or at the rate of a billion-and-a-half dollars, in the last year. Much of this increase naturally has come from increased consumer purchasing power, some probably from depreciating the dollar. The rest represents real "redistribution." But when it is noted that the index of farm purchasing power—which does not include the benefit payments—has risen only one point since June, 1933, it can be seen that the "redistribution" is limited pretty much to that paltry \$200,000,000 in benefit cash. The farmer is still getting a far smaller return than he did twenty years ago. And the benefit cash—despite the wails of the processors—is obviously coming mostly out of the pockets of the small wage earners who need real "redistribution" nearly as much as the farmers do. Certainly no one on the heavy side of the unbalanced system Mr. Roosevelt referred to is giving up in these processing taxes any appreciable amount of income.

Scraping around among other New Deal agencies produces a few more figures, but not many. A billion dollars' worth of farm mortgages have been refinanced under the Emergency Farm Mortgage Act at an estimated saving to farmers of \$15,000,000 a year in interest. Several million more has been saved the farmers, the Farm Credit Administration experts believe, through additional legislation requiring reduced interest rates on other farm mortgages, and through the fact that Government-refinanced mortgages do not have to be renewed every few years at a 1 or 2 per cent premium—a hoary scheme for jacking up the legal interest rate. The New Dealers have also induced farm-mortgage holders to scale down mortgages to the amount of \$40,000,000—another pittance to be added to the right side of the redistribution ledger. They believe, too, that the Government's lower rates have compelled private mortgage lenders to cut their demands, although perhaps they would have had to anyway.

Another \$15,000,000 in interest, plus unestimated savings in mortgage-renewal charges, has been saved urban home owners by the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, its experts believe. They also think that government competition has induced private lenders to reduce their charges to some extent. Another pittance for the right side of the books.

This \$270,000,000 about exhausts the figures, although there are some more items—encouraging in their trend but dubious in their weight—which may be jotted down in the redistribution ledger. The Securities and Stock Exchange acts, for example, may result in preventing the transfer of some of the income of small investors from their own pockets to those of sundry brokers, speculators, and promoters—if the "investors" do not find new wheels on which to stake their little surpluses. The Tariff Trading Act may bring the reduction of a few tariff gouges, although it is hardly safe to start spending the possible savings. The first hearing on a trade treaty last week produced a modicum of improvement in tariff-making procedure. The Civilian Conservation Corps, if made permanent, should do something in transferring to jobless youth some income which it is hoped will come partly out of great fortunes made in looting the public domain the corps is now trying to rescue.

The Tennessee Valley Authority and other public power projects of the New Deal are obviously going to keep more money in the pockets of power consumers and put less in those of the power trust. Some of the valley communities are already cashing in through purchase of T. V. A. power, and it seems likely that many of the "voluntary" rate reductions throughout the country in the last year have been owing to the T. V. A. and other public "yardstick" threats. Senator Norris once estimated that the power interests were receiving \$700,000,000 a year in excess profits. If the New Deal can cut this 10 per cent, it will mark a measurable redistribution of income. The T. V. A., in fact, is one of the most encouraging "redistribution" agencies of the Roosevelt Administration. Perhaps there should have been included among the figures the \$10,000,000 the New Deal has saved the taxpayers by cutting down air-mail subsidies. Perhaps a line should be granted also to the Electric Home and Farm Authority, subsidiary of the T. V. A., which promises to sell electric appliances to public-power users at smaller profits.

With all this properly allowed, there remains in the "redistribution" picture only what prospects may be seen in the President's "social-security" and tax-revision programs to be tackled by Congress next winter. Not a few New Dealers, who themselves have been disappointed at the paucity of redistribution accomplished so far, are now looking hopefully toward these two programs. In his message to Congress, the President dealt pretty vaguely with the first, his chief specification being that funds for social insurance—unemployment and old-age pensions—"should be raised by contribution rather than an increase in general taxation." The other elements of the social-security program are better urban housing, and land reclamation coupled with shifting of stranded community groups. These policies may lessen the ferocity of the effects of maldistribution, but if there is any measurable amount of redistribution of income involved it is not readily apparent. Industry, however, is regarding with alarm the tax-revision study now being made by the Treasury Department, fearing it means heavy increases in taxes on corporation profits and large incomes to meet the cost of New Deal beneficences. If the fears are sound—and the action of the last Congress in plugging tax loopholes and raising surtaxes a bit may indicate that they are—some measurable redistribution may be accomplished by the clumsy, inequitable, and expensive taxation method.

Thus, all in all, the amount of Rooseveltian redistribu-

tion already begun or definitely planned is pathetically small. It is easy to become enthusiastic about the trend because it marks such a tremendous reversal in federal public policy. Mr. Roosevelt's pledges are brave and heartening, and it may be he is moving as fast as public opinion will let him. But is it fast enough? Can it be made to go fast enough to prevent a limping economy from bogging down into uncontrolled inflation or into a wallow of bureaucratic ineffectiveness that may lead to a fascist purge?

To my mind—although I realize it is generally considered unsporting, or something, to bring the matter up—the President unconsciously put his finger directly on the reason for failure of his redistribution aim in his social-security message. "In a simple and primitive civilization," he said, "homes were to be had for the building. The bounties of nature in a new land provided crude but adequate food and shelter. It was always possible to push back the frontier, but the frontier has now disappeared. Our task involves the making of a better living out of the lands that we have."

Indeed! The frontier may be gone, but the lands are still here in all their richness, coupled with far greater human skill in exploiting them. We have made a better living out of them before, and every authority agrees we can make a still better living out of them now than we ever have made. But we don't—and shall not—in the mass, because they are not "our lands" as they were largely when the frontier existed. Instead, they are the possession, so far as prime values and uses are concerned, of an increasingly small group who collect billions yearly for letting us live on and use them—and without returning an iota of service or goods to the national income pool for those billions.

Let Mr. Roosevelt and his New Dealers find some means of halting or checking that maldistribution and his goal of an enduring and real prosperity may come into sight.

## In the Driftway

IT has often been said that the newspapers do not make the news. They merely reflect the attitude and prejudices which are prevalent among their readers, and by emphasizing these attitudes and prejudices they attract more readers who share them. Thus crime news would never receive front-page prominence if the reading public as a whole did not devour every word of it. It is interesting to note that the only thing which drove the details of the Dillinger case off the front page of a New York tabloid newspaper of large circulation were two-and-a-half-inch headlines which announced the likelihood of another European war. But it is fair to say that Dillinger was already three days dead when this happened, and the real test of the news value of the two stories would have come if Chancellor Dollfuss and America's leading bank robber since Jesse James had met their fate during the same twenty-four hours. They would undoubtedly have had to fight it out in 180-point type on the same page.

EVERY once in a while this influence of public opinion—if it may be dignified by any such name—comes out very clearly. The *Golden Book Magazine* for August prints

such an example, and the Drifter offers it as food for thought to all newspaper editors. It may make them humble, and may exalt their readers to an unseemly pride in their own power. But at least it leaves no doubt about who writes the news. The Paris newspapers faithfully reported in their headlines from March 9 to March 22, 1815, the march of Napoleon across France on his return from Elba—and incidentally on his way to Waterloo. His progress was described as follows:

March 9

THE ANTHROPOPHAGUS HAS QUITTED HIS DEN

March 10

THE CORSICAN OGRE HAS LANDED AT CAPE JUAN

March 11

THE TIGER HAS ARRIVED AT CAP

March 12

THE MONSTER SLEPT AT GRENOBLE

March 13

THE TYRANT HAS PASSED THROUGH LYONS

March 14

THE USURPER IS DIRECTING HIS STEPS TOWARD DIJON

March 18

BONAPARTE IS ONLY SIXTY LEAGUES FROM THE CAPITAL

He has been fortunate enough to escape his pursuers

March 19

BONAPARTE IS ADVANCING WITH RAPID STEPS, BUT HE  
WILL NEVER ENTER PARIS

March 20

NAPOLEON WILL, TOMORROW, BE UNDER OUR RAMPARTS

March 21

THE EMPEROR IS AT FONTAINEBLEAU

March 22

HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MAJESTY

arrived yesterday evening at the Tuileries, amid the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects

\* \* \* \* \*

AMONG whom, the Drifter has no doubt, were the editors and headline writers of the Paris press, who had not neglected to send up a special prayer to Heaven that His Imperial and Royal Majesty had not had time to read the news on his triumphal march from Anthropophagus to Emperor.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Was the Trial Misconducted?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

This letter is prompted by what appears to the writer as a rather unfortunate clouding of the issues at stake in the article headed "The Crawford Case: An Experiment in Social Statesmanship," published in *The Nation* for July 4. The record of the defense as stated by Messrs. Houston and Ransom, when considered in the light of the article by Helen Boardman and Martha Gruening, takes on the aspect of serious self-condemnation, in view of counsel's failure to deal with the vital questions raised. The latter part of the article by the attorneys for the defense, which seeks to justify their action on the basis of social expediency, indicates an apparent ruthlessness toward a



man who, cowed, perhaps betrayed unwittingly by his own blood, fell into helpless submission to the necessities of the larger ends of a "social experiment" of dubious value.

Why, it should be asked, did not counsel investigate the rumor that Mrs. Ilsley and Mrs. Buckner were killed by a white man? If they did, and found it had no basis, surely so primary a point deserved explanation in their article.

Why, "if the N. A. A. C. P. is in the fight to stay until every Virginia Negro enjoys all the rights, powers, and privileges of every other citizen of the Commonwealth," was the defense deterred from examination of Paul Boeing merely because his friends said he was "unnerved"?

Counsel stated that they can hardly be held responsible for the failure to see two of the Boston alibi witnesses. Why can they not be held responsible? Just what is the nature of a "misunderstanding" that justifies this supreme error? Miss Boardman and Miss Gruening were able to see these witnesses, and they had not the responsibility vested in them as was in the case of counsel. Surely this "misunderstanding" is worthy of detailed description.

Counsel studiously avoid mention of Crawford's confession, "fully and freely" to his attorney. Yet the article states that "Crawford had received justice in fact, if not in law." Their opinion that the accused is guilty is abundantly evident. But even assuming his guilt, does that justify the defense in acting like prosecutors?

New York City, July 5

H. VAN VLECK GEIGER

## Is This Legal Lynching?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I, too, was shocked and bewildered by the outcome of the Crawford case, and therefore read the recent exchange in *The Nation* with great interest.

Mr. Houston and Mr. Ransom are in a different position from Miss Boardman and Miss Gruening: they are out to justify procedures which have been subjected to criticism. One is reminded of this when they fail to answer details of this criticism; one has to bear it in mind when their statement is contradicted by Miss Boardman's and Miss Gruening's. And this quite apart from the fact that Miss Boardman and Miss Gruening have probability on their side in some instances.

Consider this one: Counsel for Crawford decided not to use his Boston alibi because of testimony that he had been in Virginia (instead of using the alibi against the testimony). They say: "It has been suggested that these witnesses were under duress; but they certainly did not appear to be under any duress," et cetera. Against this there is the following in Miss Boardman's and Miss Gruening's article: "The circumstances as explained by Mr. White were that shortly before the opening of the trial Mr. Houston had interviewed Bertie de Neal . . . in the jail where she was detained as a material witness for the prosecution. Though very reluctant to speak at first, under prompting from the sheriff she admitted that she knew Crawford was in the vicinity of Middleburg the day before the crime was discovered." And what we know about the testimony of Negro witnesses prompted by Southern sheriffs leads us to accept as more probable the contention that in this case the testimony was given by "frightened and helpless Negroes who were rounded up and held for questioning."

And in this matter of the appeal Mr. Houston and Mr. Ransom use similar tactics. "It was his case and his life. . . . If he was unwilling to gamble with his life to challenge further the issue of jury discrimination in Virginia, quite frankly that was his business." But are they really frank? The case was concerned not with Negro juries but with justice for Crawford;

nor was jury discrimination the only reason for his conviction and the only ground for appeal. Counsel themselves list four grounds for appeal, among which is the admission of the Boston confession—"unsigned, repudiated by Crawford, and obviously obtained by illegal methods," as Miss Boardman and Miss Gruening put it. Apart from this confession, they contend, "the State had evidence of nothing more than Crawford's presence in Virginia. It had no eye-witnesses to the crime, none who could place him at the scene of the crime within seven or eight hours of it, no finger prints to connect him with it, no bloodstained clothing, murderous weapon, or recognizable loot found in his possession." And the decision of counsel not to appeal must be considered in the light of their flabbiness in the conduct of the trial itself.

New York City, July 5

B. H. HAGGIN

## The Crawford Interview

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Both of your articles on the Crawford case, that by Helen Boardman and Martha Gruening and the reply to that article by Charles Houston and Leon Ransom have referred to the interview with Crawford published in the *Norfolk (Virginia) Journal and Guide* of February 10, 1934. We were informed from a source connected with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that a high official of that organization has said the interview was faked; in view, moreover, of the misleading brevity of the mentions of the interview in your two articles, and the skepticism implied therein, we feel that a statement of facts surrounding the interview is due us.

We assigned our regular Richmond correspondent to interview Crawford following a tip from a salaried employee of the N. A. A. C. P. that if we did interview Crawford we would get a story which this source indicated would be something of a sensation. Following an exchange of letters and telegrams, we assigned our man to see Crawford.

The Henrico County jail warden—Crawford was then in this jail, following his first conviction—said we would have to get the permission of Prosecutor Galleher and Defense Counsel Houston. Necessary permission being obtained, after several days our correspondent, accompanied by another employee of the *Journal and Guide*, visited the jail and was permitted to interview Crawford. A jail guard was present. Our correspondent took shorthand notes and sent in his story.

Crawford, as is well known, declared he was innocent, had been framed, suggested he was not entirely satisfied with the conduct of his defense, and denied all knowledge of "Charlie Johnson," named by the defense as the real killer, whose identity could never be established if Crawford, the only man who could do so, were electrocuted. This interview came just a few days before Crawford was arraigned for the slaying of Mrs. Ilsley's maid, Mrs. Buckner. At this trial the interview was introduced into the record, discussed by the court and attorneys, and repudiated by Crawford. Nevertheless, Crawford's counsel as a result of the interview and the statements made in it by Crawford, refused to take the responsibility of pleading for Crawford, with the court's permission. Crawford pleaded guilty, "of my own free will," and received another life sentence—only, the judge told him, because he believed Crawford did know Johnson and could identify him. But for this the judge said he would have given him the death sentence.

The correspondent who wrote the story had been in the employ of the *Journal and Guide* for many years, and his accuracy and honesty in reporting has never been questioned. He was fully cognizant of the significance of the statements made by Crawford, took them down through shorthand as rapidly as

made. His story was given a new lead by our managing editor, and was subjected to the usual editing, but not a word of a single direct quotation was altered, nor was the import of anything reported in his release to us changed.

When Mr. Houston wrote us following the publication of the interview and the imposition of the second life sentence upon Crawford, we gave his communication front-page prominence equal to the Crawford interview, and ran on another page a statement from our correspondent who obtained the interview concerning the circumstances surrounding it. He vouched for it and restated our claim of entire authenticity. In this he was corroborated by the other *Journal and Guide* employee who accompanied him and heard the entire interview. Neither the jail guard nor anybody else has ever contradicted this interview with anything factual or otherwise, except Crawford. Crawford was told why they had come and that they were reporters.

By the testimony of Crawford's own attorneys he is a colossal liar. He led them to believe almost up to the hour of his trial that he was innocent. Then he confessed privately to his attorney that he was guilty. Then he gave us an interview, and subsequently for reasons best known to himself denied having made some of the statements attributed to him. He never denied the visit and questioning of the reporters, whom he said he knew to be newspapermen at the time.

It has come to my attention that the wisdom of Dr. Charles H. Houston, leading counsel in the defense of George Crawford, in abandoning appeal on the jury issue and permitting Crawford to plead guilty to the Buckner indictment has been questioned in some quarters.

I have had occasion to discuss this case with several judges, prominent lawyers, and the editors of leading newspapers in the State, and almost without exception, I found that they had followed the case closely and were of the opinion that the manner in which it had been conducted by Dr. Houston gave them a most favorable reaction to the proposition of removing barriers to jury service upon the part of qualified Negroes. Especially were they impressed with the extraordinary legal ability displayed by Dr. Houston and his associates, and this seemed to have heightened considerably their respect for Negro lawyers.

Since the trial, Negroes have been called to jury service in several places in the State. The judge who tried the case summoned fifteen colored men to serve as petit jurors during the last term of his court. I have seen no unfavorable newspaper comment, nor heard by word of mouth any criticism of Judge McLemore's action. I take this to mean that the outcome of the case had a decidedly beneficial effect upon race relations.

Norfolk, Virginia, June 15

P. B. YOUNG, SR.,

Editor-in-Chief, *Journal and Guide*

## From the Presiding Judge

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Dean Charles H. Houston of Howard University has asked if I would give my impression as to the conduct of the trial and results thereof in the Crawford case, intimating that he had been criticised because of the manner in which he had handled the case and especially in failing to appeal the constitutional question growing out of what was termed "discrimination against Negro jurors in Loudon County."

My very decided opinion is that, with the facts in this case, there was no hope of an appeal being successfully terminated. I think it was highly improbable, in the face of the testimony of the judge of that court and of the jury commissioners, to have had the proceedings set aside in the higher court.

I am decidedly of the opinion that the case, as made out

by the defendant's counsel, has directed the attention of the courts to this particular question with the same practical results as though it had been appealed; probably with more favorable consideration to the Negro in making up jury lists than if the case had been appealed and the appellate court had failed to set aside the conclusions of the court in the Crawford case.

What will be the effect of placing Negroes on the jury lists in those counties where there is a large Negro population and whether it will redound to the betterment of the race and to a more cordial relationship between the races is certainly open to honest differences of opinion. In my nearly thirty years on the Bench, I have so frequently seen the Negro get the better end of a controversy at the hands of a white jury because he was a Negro, that I am not prepared to say that his rights will be any better protected than at the present time. The race question is a very delicate one, and where they have lived together as they have here, about equally divided, so many years without a racial conflict or clash, I am not prepared to venture the opinion that the recognition of their legal rights would add anything to the spirit of good-will which I believe prevails in this part of the State.

I may say in passing that Dr. Houston and his colleagues handled this case in excellent taste, with a display of very decided ability and in a manner that, I think, presented the cause of the Negro as well as it could have been presented, certainly better than I had ever heard it presented before. Dean Houston presented his arguments with great ability, with excellent self-control, and left nothing undone within the bounds of propriety in order to win his case, and especially his points on the constitutional assembling of the jury. I say this out of justice to him.

Suffolk, Virginia, June 16

JAMES L. McLEMORE

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# Labor and Industry

## War in Minneapolis

By HERBERT SOLOW

*Martial law was established in Minneapolis on July 26, a day after this article was written, when the employers refused to accept the terms of settlement proposed by the federal mediators and approved by the workers. As we go to press the deadlock continues.*

*Minneapolis, July 25*

THERE are about 5,000 trucks in Minneapolis used for general goods transport. Ordinarily each moves three loads or part-loads daily. An average business day means some 15,000 truck movements. The Citizens' Alliance of Minneapolis yesterday boasted that twenty-seven trucks had moved. The city, to use a local idiom, was tied up as tight as a bull's ~~eye~~ in flytime.

Ever since the flour-milling industry moved East, Minneapolis has been primarily commercial rather than industrial, a gathering and distribution point for Northwestern agricultural produce and manufactured goods destined for farmers' consumption. Since trucks challenged rails as a means of transport, trucking has become to a large extent a key to the economic structure of Minneapolis. Truck drivers are an entering wedge into every business and industry in the city.

When, consequently the coal drivers' successful strike of February was followed by an organization drive of the General Drivers, Helpers, and Inside Workers Union, Local 574, A. F. of L., the economic rulers of Minneapolis determined on a bitter fight. They recognized the danger to them inherent in the unionization of the drivers: the unionization of the entire city.

Forced to strike in May, the drivers tied up the industry 100 per cent, routed in hand-to-hand conflict an army of 1,500 armed and deputized thugs and gentlemen, and squeezed from the employers important concessions including de facto union recognition. On the morrow the union began to grow at the rate of twenty-five men a day. The workers were seeking a shield and a weapon. They were in miserable condition. I have met not a few who were often paid with damaged vegetables. One father of four children was getting eight dollars weekly for sixty hours' work. The workers looked to their leaders for continued struggle, and they did not look in vain.

The employers forced an issue by stalling on the question of wage arbitration and by refusing to deal with Local 574 on matters concerning inside workers—shipping and receiving clerks in warehouses, and all sorts of produce craftsmen (celery trimmers, coolers, tomato men) who had joined the union. Thus they broke the agreement which concluded the May strike. The United States conciliation agent, Dunnigan, proposed compromise. How, asked the union leaders, can we compromise? Either we have a right to represent our members, or we have not; if the bosses say we have not, we'll go out.

They did, on July 17, and the workers flocked behind them. The bosses, through a clergyman and a scab, organized

a "rank-and-file revolt" against the union leaders. The anti-strike rally, as the Minneapolis press unanimously confessed, turned into a strike demonstration when the union leaders took the platform for discussion. A second "rank-and-file revolt" was arranged by the Stalinists. It consisted of a mimeographed leaflet. In the words of President Bill Brown of Local 574, "the Stalinists have not only discredited communism out here; they've discredited the mimeograph machine."

The bosses launched a campaign of red-baiting against the union leaders, quoting from the *Militant*, the national organ of the Trotskyites, to prove that among the strike leaders are advocates of a Fourth International. The strike leaders hit back hard, affirming the right of a union to choose its own leaders and exposing the divisive aims of the bosses in raising the red scare. The workers refused to fall for the scare; not even news of the San Francisco raids caused them to turn against their leaders.

Next the bosses tried terror. On July 21 Police Chief (Bloody) Johannes provided a convoy of police to move a truck containing a few sacks. When unarmed pickets approached, the police, on orders from the chief, fired at point-blank range. Some fifty were wounded (mostly in the back) and one was killed. The result was a stiffening of the ranks, a rush of aid from many unions, general public sympathy. Three days later Henry B. Ness, shot by the police, was buried; the funeral cortege was the greatest demonstration in Minneapolis history, except for the long-forgotten NRA parade. When Albert Goldman of Chicago, the union's counsel, speaking in front of strike headquarters, pledged his audience to continued struggle, some 40,000 workers responded.

On the day after the shooting, the bosses wrote all strikers, ordering them back to work by July 24. They hoped that because of the red-baiting and shooting enough would return to make possible large-scale truck movements. Their threat was 99 per cent ineffective. Not a truck moved without a convoy of fifty armed cops. The city was divided into districts patrolled by cruising picket cars. A contact man in each district was in communication with strike general headquarters. When a truck shoved its nose out of a garage or crossed the city line, a truckload of pickets whirled out from general headquarters to stop it. The estimated cost to the taxpayer of moving \$1 worth of general merchandise was \$200. The great mass of people regard the bosses as responsible for these expenditures.

The strikers have dug deep into the populace for support. They have been joined by almost 5,000 Emergency Relief workers who demand a living wage and a thirty-hour week. Several thousand unemployed, organized in the Central Council of Workers, are helping on the picket line. Many unions have adopted resolutions of support and given support, cash, technical aid, pickets and so on. Thousands of people have signed petitions for the ousting of Johannes and his superior, Mayor Bainbridge.



In the May strike there was conflict with nearby farmers. During this strike all farmers displaying the joint permit of Local 574, the Farm Holiday Association, and the Market Gardens Association have been able to bring in produce for sale to retailers and consumers in a special strike market. In return, the farmers have picketed outlying districts to stop commercial trucks and supply food to the strike commissary. The Independent Grocers and several veterans' organizations have backed the strike. The Commissary is the show-place of working-class Minneapolis. The Ladies Auxiliary of 574 dispenses about 10,000 meals daily. The auxiliary also runs an emergency hospital and distributes relief.

Eighteen hours daily a loud-speaker fills the air at the union headquarters with orders to pickets and picket cars, news items, a steady stream of phrases voicing the workers' views, condemning the enemy, reviving flagging spirits. From 7 to 11 P. M. a crowd of about 4,000 blocks the street to listen in on "Station 574."

The strike committee of 100 publishes a daily paper, the *Organizer*. Its editions of 10,000, distributed by the newsboys' union and the ladies' auxiliary, counteract the lies and propaganda of the united boss press. Priced at one cent, it has brought as high as \$3. The strikers swear by it, every union leader in town is awe-stricken by it, the employers press the county attorney to arrest the editors for criminal syndicalism, and the Citizens' Alliance (a mysterious organization with no known membership but immense power and resources), by bringing pressure on printers forces the editors to move to a new plant each day. The newspapers are inciting vigilantism, and indictments are being asked. But remarkably little jailing, for criminal syndicalism or anything else, has been done in this strike.\* Not a cop has been seen within a quarter of a mile of strike headquarters since the strike began. Minneapolis truck drivers would just as soon crack a cop as drink a beer.

Governor Floyd B. Olson, Farmer-Labor idol of many workers, comes up for reelection soon. The Citizens' Alliance wants him to use the militia to break the strike. Thousands of workers hope he will use it to prevent scab truck movements. Thus far the militia remains in the barracks, reluctant schoolboys who, for all their armament, are scared to death of the redoubtable truck drivers, victors in the May battle. The federal government has sent the Reverend Francis J. Haas to mediate. First he tried to slip things by the strike leaders, but he met his match. Yesterday's epochal funeral cortege, the hardness of the strike leaders, seem to have made a dent in his consciousness. He has abandoned his efforts to sell the strikers an unfair compromise dressed up in fancy language. His latest proposition—a minimum wage involving substantial raises with possible further increases after arbitration and an election to determine the union's right to represent workers, said election to be held on a basis which makes victory for the union certain—has been accepted.

If the employers accept, 574's third strike in six months will have resulted in another step forward in establishing decent conditions and laying the basis for a city-wide unionization drive. If the employers refuse, a new upsurge of strike sentiment, perhaps involving other industries, is to be expected.

The strike leaders are not out to abolish capitalism or overturn the government by means of this strike. They are out to build a union, to get workers better conditions, to strengthen the whole Minneapolis labor movement, to teach the workers some elementary lessons not only in halting scab trucks, facing down armed cops, and tying up a city, but also as to the true nature of the capitalist government, revealing itself in this strike, and as to the need for working-class unity and militancy.

The outcome of the present struggle is uncertain. But win, lose, or draw, Local 574 will have put on a justified and an able and a glorious fight. It is making labor history in the city of Minneapolis. Its victory will be a boon to the whole American labor movement.

## The Terror in San Jose

By JOHN TERRY

*San Jose, California, July 24*

**M**OB hysteria and vigilante terrorism have returned to this city, fifty miles south of San Francisco in the heart of Santa Clara Valley, one of the most intensive fruit-growing regions in the United States. Here, where Brooke Hart was kidnaped and murdered last fall and where 6,000 men, women, and children jammed St. James Park last November 26 to watch lynch-hangmen jerk Thomas Thurmond and John Holmes into the air, citizens have again overthrown adequate legal machinery and turned to violence—this time in the name of "anti-Communist, anti-red Americanism."

As a result, thirteen residents of this community, one of them a woman, have been taken from their homes, banished from the city, and driven from county to county as fast as deputy sheriffs could herd them along. Nine of them, according to local press reports, were beaten with pick-handles. The outrage, crudest and most primitive of a series of hysterical anti-red demonstrations conducted during the past week by police and citizens in various central California cities in the wake of the San Francisco general strike, occurred on the night of July 19. Vigilantes (estimated as high as thirty in number, armed with pick-handles whose grip ends were bound with raw-hide thongs) seized Mr. and Mrs. Jess Tanner in their impoverished home on Stowe Avenue in east San Jose. Thirteen-year-old John Tanner was taken to county detention headquarters by an unidentified man. The vigilante mob then moved on to a nearby cottage to carry off thirty-year-old Cecil Hausler, this time leaving behind a terrorized sister and a prostrated mother.

In further visits by automobile in and about San Jose that night the vigilantes rounded up ten more persons, after failing in their efforts to locate John J. O'Rourke, candidate for the county board of supervisors in the August election, said to be a Communist.

What followed that night and on successive days remains, despite the comparative uninterest of the press, one of the most ominous spectacles in recent California history, well calculated to swell the ranks of intelligent and stupid radicalism alike. The lead of a story printed on page one of the *San Jose Mercury-Herald* of July 20 supplies part of the picture:

\* James P. Cannon, editor of the *Militant*, and Max Schachtman have since been arrested for "disorderly conduct by criminal syndicalism."

Armed with bright new pick-handles, their faces grim, eyes shining with steady purpose, a large band of "vigilantes," composed of irate citizens, including many war veterans, smashed their way into three communist "hot-spots" here last night, seized a mass of red literature and severely beat nine asserted radicals.

Among the prisoners seized that night by vigilantes was one Antone Meshler. Again quoting the *Mercury-Herald*, Meshler "was asked where the reds were meeting that night, but said he did not know. A shirt was tied over his head, and fists and pick-handles were plied in an effort to freshen his memory."

Properly "freshened," the thirteen prisoners were taken by their captors to the adjoining San Benito County boundary and turned over to sheriff's officers. So far as can be learned no attempt was made by the San Benito County sheriff's office to apprehend the vigilantes for kidnaping and assault. San Benito County Undersheriff M. T. Hubler refused to answer this correspondent's questions. By two o'clock on the morning of July 20 the band of thirteen had been turned over to the Monterey County sheriff's office in Salinas and jailed on vagrancy charges on complaint of Sheriff Carl Abbott. When asked why vagrancy was charged against persons who had been seized in their homes by night-riding terrorists and driven to prison, a member of Sheriff Abbott's office replied with admirable logic, "Because they were disheveled, their clothes were torn, and they had no place to go."

Released without trial on their own recognizance on the evening of July 20 with the understanding that they would not return to Monterey County within a year, the thirteen were herded south from Salinas by deputy sheriffs through Monterey and San Luis Obispo Counties to Santa Barbara County, the authorities having proceeded on the familiar reasoning that the solution of social problems lies in hustling vagrants, alleged and otherwise, out of the community. The present whereabouts of the thirteen refugees is apparently unknown here. Neither the Tanners nor Cecil Hausler had returned to their homes by today, while reports are lacking for the others, who are Antone Meshler, Fred Bovee, John Orozzo, A. Kodick, Sam Anderson, M. Mettito, Albert Bega, Sam and Nunzio Pesco, and Ben Pesco, Sr.

Meanwhile the wave of anti-red hysteria, engendered in large degree by San Francisco newspaper stories dealing with the general strike, has swept the length of Santa Clara County, including the town of Palo Alto, seat of Stanford University and home of Herbert Hoover. Ill-defined "security leagues" in Palo Alto and Los Gatos and a "Committee of Safety" in San Jose and the county in general are enrolling several thousand citizens and creating new deputy sheriffs wholesale for such varied purposes as "combatting communism and fascism," conducting "educational campaigns," supplying the sheriff with an immediately available army in case of labor trouble in the orchards, and furnishing civil authorities with a body of citizens "ready to act in cases of emergency, such as earthquakes." (There was an earthquake in 1906!)

From the standpoint of civil liberties, one finds in the San Jose newspapers an attitude toward vigilante activity which is anything but reassuring. The *Mercury-Herald's* enthusiastic news story of the July 19 episode was somewhat tempered by an editorial condemning vigilante violence, but

the San Jose *Evening News* has been outspoken in indorsing the recent terrorism. The vigilante mob which carried pick-handles drew from the *News* on July 20 a story introduced by the following purple lead: "The mongoose of Americanism dragged the cobra of communism through the good Santa Clara Valley orchard dirt last night." And on the twenty-first the *News* carried the following editorial commendation of terrorism:

The citizens who accomplished that feat were doing their plain duty, the same as they are doing in San Francisco—raiding every place where they find Communists and driving them out. . . . The *News* offers its congratulations to this committee and wishes to say to them that every time they clean up a den of Communists and lead them boldly out of the county they are accomplishing a great result and will receive the commendation of the public in general.

More reassuring is the attitude of Sheriff William J. Emig of Santa Clara County. Despite anti-red hysteria he has denounced vigilante activity, has promised to exert every effort to apprehend the unknown terrorists of July 19, and has told this correspondent: "I can't go about rounding up 'reds.' And I won't. When laws are broken, I'll act promptly." Palo Alto's Security League, its secret membership said to be divided along "conservative" and "direct action" lines, already shows signs of decline. The Committee of Safety in San Jose denies connection with perpetrators of the July nineteenth outrage. In San Francisco Municipal Judge Lazarus has dismissed eighty-four Communist "suspects" and is quoted as saying that they "were not agitators but merely penniless unfortunates."

Nevertheless the "red round-up" continues in San Francisco. And in San Jose the County Detention Home, when asked what will become of thirteen-year-old John Tanner, replies: "We can't answer that. We are giving him a home and protection until something is decided. John is a good bright boy. He won't talk. We hardly blame him."

## Labor Notes

### Revolt in Utopia

TWO strikers were killed and forty injured in Kohler, Wisconsin, famous as a model industrial town, in a battle between 400 "special village deputies" and employees of the Kohler plant who are demanding recognition of their recently organized A. F. of L. union, the thirty-hour week, and an increase in pay. National Guardsmen have taken control of the town. The first act of the military commander was to disperse 200 of the "special village deputies." Twenty-six unions of Sheboygan County have demanded the arrest and prosecution for the shootings of the president of Kohler Village, E. R. Schuelke who led the deputies, and Village Marshal John Case.

Walter J. Kohler, former governor of Wisconsin, who is president of the company, has challenged the right of the A. F. of L. to represent his workers and has blamed the strike on "outside labor agitators." Since the strike began the plant has been so closely picketed that the 150 employees within the factory have been virtually prisoners. The blockade has been so tight that at one point the company obtained food for its beleaguered employees only by sending the packages through the United States mails. The strikers are backed in their fight by

the Sheboygan Central Labor Council; 5,000 workers representing twenty unions took part on July 22 in a mass meeting at Kohler organized by the Council to demonstrate the solidarity of labor in Sheboygan County. Negotiations between the company and a representative of the Chicago Regional Labor Board have so far failed.

## The Issue: \$10.80 a Week

**F**IFTY or more persons were injured in Red Lion, Pennsylvania, on July 26, in connection with a lock-out of 5,000 cigar-workers which has turned into a strike. Red Lion is one of the quiet country towns in York County, long left undisturbed by the hand of industrial progress, which have within the past few weeks taken on the semblance of armed camps. Private guards patrol the streets, substantial citizens carry fire-arms by special permission of the sheriff, and thousands of cigar-makers picket the fifty factories which locked them out. This tense situation, as was to be expected, finally culminated in pitched fighting between the pickets and deputy sheriffs guarding the cigar plants when a truck manned by non-union workers attempted to run the pickets' blockade. The burgess of the borough of Red Lion has asked Governor Pinchot for State police, and seemingly more trouble is ahead. "York County citizens are amazed at the action of the workers in this section, a community which has been noted for peace among laboring men and women," as one newspaper describes the situation. "There is no large percentage of foreign employees." It must indeed be something drastic to stir these peaceable workers out of their somnolence, but on inspection the issue turns out to be nothing more esoteric than a \$10.80 weekly minimum wage, as provided by the NRA code governing the industry. The workers demanded their twenty-seven cents an hour minimum, and the factory owners retaliated by declaring a lock-out, asserting they could not afford to pay it.

The difficulty in York County is that the NRA wage is based on conditions in the machine production of cigars, while these Pennsylvania workers, like their fathers before them, have been manufacturing cigars by hand, to be sold at extremely low cost. The employers point out that to increase wages, the price of their cigars must be raised, and the cigars, being made of Pennsylvania tobacco, simply are not worth more than the two-for-five scale predominant. In other words, they can't compete against machine-made cigars, and should not be bound by the latter's code. The argument is a tenable one, but unfortunately there is little for the worker, whichever way it is looked at. If machines are introduced, many of the old-time craftsmen will lose the only jobs they know how to do; if the old wage scale is continued (it averages about \$6 weekly) they are not much better off. The NRA cigar-manufacturing code authority has appointed a cost-finding commission to learn whether the employers actually cannot afford to pay \$10.80, but what will happen if it is determined they cannot is anybody's guess. Meanwhile strike-breakers have begun operations in some of the factories, at the old wage scale. Out of the tangled situation two facts clearly emerge—that the striking workers are at a decided disadvantage, and that the \$10.80 scale, despite the protests of the employers, is the absolute minimum for their long hours of arduous toil. Whether they will get it, however, is another matter.

NEXT WEEK

**Your Government Is a Strikebreaker**

By COLSTON E. WARNE and LEO HUBERMAN

## On Strike

*The following is a representative but not exhaustive list of strikes in progress throughout the country.*

**B**ETWEEN 13,000 and 20,000 workers in twenty-four textile mills in Alabama are striking for union recognition, a thirty-hour week, a minimum wage of twelve dollars weekly, and abolition of the stretch-out and speed-up.

In Montana more than 5,000 workers in the mines, smelters, and newspaper print shops owned by the Anaconda Copper Company are continuing their strike for higher wages, shorter hours, and, in the mines, safer working conditions and the check-off system.

In New York 12,000 painters are on strike against a cut in wages; a general strike affecting 75,000 building-trades workers is threatened because of working conditions on P. W. A. projects.

In the union stock yards at Chicago 800 workers are on strike. They maintain that the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company has failed to live up to the arbitration agreement by which a former strike was settled. A general packing strike involving 8,400 additional workers is threatened.

In Holt, Alabama, 800 foundry workers are on strike for the closed shop and the check-off.

The strike of union workers in the 17,000-acre Scioto Marshland in Ohio is now in its seventh week. The workers, organized in an A. F. of L. union, are demanding thirty-five cents an hour instead of twelve-and-a-half cents with the use of living quarters.

By a vote of 389 to 1 Omaha street-car men have gone on strike for an increase in pay.

## LOUIS ADAMIC

... has written the tremendous record of social violence in America—and, by the addition of more than fifty pages, has brought up-to-date his full, dramatic history of the bloody strife which has marked the increasingly serious struggle between labor and capital in the mills and mines, on the railroads, on the docks and across the plains. Sinclair Lewis writes: "That this should not have a huge sale is a disgrace to the entire country."

## DYNAMITE

*The story of class violence in America, 1826-1934, first published in 1931 and now re-issued, completely revised to date, at the popular price of \$2 (Formerly \$3.50).*

THE VIKING PRESS, 18 E. 48TH ST., N. Y. C.



# Books

## W. H. Auden

THE peculiarities of the depression book business in this country have prevented American readers from learning about a group of young English writers whose development is of considerable literary importance. No books of their has been published here, and only a few magazines (notably *Poetry*, the *Hound and Horn*, and the *Symposium*) have given them serious attention.

The easiest approach to these writers as a group is through two anthologies, "New Signatures" and "New Country," which include samples in both prose and verse of the ablest representatives. They should be approached as a group, for in this way we can see them to be part of a definite movement that is somewhat more than literary. Like young French writers, they publish manifestoes, and proclaim themselves. They want very much to know what they are doing.

All of them, in spite of sound Public School training, are or claim to be communists, at least to the extent of accepting, and wishing to work in their own way toward, a classless society. "I think," Michael Roberts writes in the preface to "New Country," "and the writers in this book obviously agree, that there is only one way of life for us: to renounce that [capitalist] system now and to live by fighting against it." They are all, moreover, acutely conscious of the problem of the relation of their social views to their creative writing. Indeed, their current writing is a series of experiments probing various solutions of this poet-breaking problem.

More technically, this revolution of the social spirit has, in the group, its stylistic parallels. These writers have managed to take a hurdle that has been standing for some time impassable in the literary way. They have absorbed the lessons of Joyce in prose, and of Pound and Eliot in verse, and have gone on from there. I don't of course mean that any one of them has yet shown himself the equal of Joyce or Pound or Eliot. I mean simply that whereas before them writers either didn't know what Joyce and Pound and Eliot were about and thereby belonged to a past generation or were forced to be imitators, these young men do know, and knowing go about their own business. Their newness comes out in a number of ways: in the influences they draw from—Gerard Manley Hopkins and the English eighteenth century, for example, instead of the French poets and the seventeenth century; new enthusiasms, the very willingness to be enthusiastic, in contrast to sterility and despair; a looking forward, instead of chiefly back; and, as always in a genuinely new development, the direct thrust for metaphors into immediate personal experience.

There are several promising writers by whom the group can be tested: Stephen Spender, Cecil Day-Lewis, Michael Roberts, William Plomer, Richard Goodman. So far, however, W. H. Auden is the most considerable. He has published more than the others: a volume of "Poems" (besides those appearing in the anthologies and in magazines), an unclassifiable work in both verse and prose called "The Orators," and, most recently, a kind of masque called "The Dance of Death." The sometimes startling figures, the in-

tricate structure, and the often fascinating semi-rhymes of the early poems—

Which of you waking early and watching daybreak  
Will not hasten in heart, handsome, aware of wonder  
At night unleashed, advancing, a leader of movement,  
Breaking like surf on turf on road and roof,  
Or chasing shadow on downs like whippet racing,  
Then stilled against stone, halting at eyelash barrier,  
Enforcing in face a profile, marks of misuse,  
Beating impatient and importunate on boudoir shutters  
Where the old life is not up yet, with rays  
Exploring through rotting floor a dismantled mill—  
The old life never to be born again?

these are frequently more accomplished than his recent verse, with its jog-trot rhymes and the attempt to translate prose rhythms directly into verse forms—an attempt that sometimes ends simply in flat verse. Indeed, oddly enough, though primarily a poet and known as such, Auden has perhaps written more successful prose than verse, a prose that at its best is colorful, swift, and flexible—

Next the defective lovers. Systems run to a standstill, or like those ship-cranes along Clydebank, which have done nothing all this year. Owners of small holdings, they sit by fires they can't make up their minds to light, while dust settles on their unopened correspondence and inertia branches in their veins like a zinc tree.

However, the reason for Auden's uneven development is the reason why he is a writer of potential importance. He has not been content to master the technical surface, nor to fall back on a "message" and let the surface go. His social vision is for him more than the formula it has become for so many of our literary racketeers. He finds that he must re-integrate his personality in its light; and re-fuse his personality and his art. This is not an easy job for a writer who takes writing seriously.

"The Orators" marks for Auden the change and the reorientation. It is his intellectual and emotional break with the present order, his realization of the intensely personal problem this break involves for the poet, and his statement of certain prerequisites of a solution. Partly through elaborated symbols (many of them recurring in his poetry) and partly by sharply direct observation, he surveys once more the spiritual wasteland of contemporary civilization. In the longest section, "Journal of an Airman," he seems to be examining the possibilities of the romantic attitude, summed up in the figure of the airman, as a way out of the wasteland. (Nearly all this group, together with a number of the younger English novelists, in their early writing assert a romanticism in modern dress against both the neo-classicism of Eliot and the fashionable low realism of the 'twenties.) But the airman, though noble as an isolated individual and embodying certain values that must be part of the cultural solution, is inadequate, and before the end himself realizes the inadequacy ("Three days to break a lifetime's pride"). He takes off into what is clearly his last journey.

It was, I am told, just after completing "The Orators" that Auden became a convinced communist. And it should be noticed that Auden, like the others of the groups, sees in communism not a destructive force nor a mere economic revolution. They find it valuable, as poets should, "in so

far as it removes the vested interests which by enforcing standardization, oppose all genuine education, the full development of the individual. . . ." It is this that concerns them.

JAMES BURNHAM

## The Sough of Words

*Modern American Prose.* Edited by Carl Van Doren. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

RATHER curiously, some of the worst writing in this anthology is by T. S. Eliot and some of the best is by Theodore Dreiser. Most fanciers of prose, I take it, would agree that Mr. Eliot is an appreciably more adroit maker of it than Mr. Dreiser, and among them I'd certainly be inclined to put myself. But here we have Mr. Eliot starting off a study of Dryden with a series of sentences so feeble and clumsy that any college tutor of English would blue-pencil them, and here we have Mr. Dreiser writing about his brother Paul in a way that is not only simple and honest, but also innocently beautiful. Did Mr. Van Doren make these selections with malice, seeking to take a poke at what is generally believed? Not having access to his conscience, I can't answer—but it must be manifest that there is a lesson in them for the judicious.

His book is confined to authors who have come into notice since 1914, and is arranged, not in the order of their ages, but in the order of publication of the writings reprinted. Thus Miss Gertrude Stein, who began to write in infancy and is still full of adolescent fire, has the first place, and Ludwig Lewisohn, who is a venerable Tzaddik in a thirteenth century kittel, comes far after her. The arrangement makes for the grotesque propinquities which so often give a raffish humor to indexes. Joseph Hergesheimer is parked beside John Reed, John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway are between Thornton Wilder and Glenway Wescott, and Waldo Frank and William Faulkner are cheek by jowl. But these shocking juxtapositions are only proof, after all, that Mr. Van Doren is a tolerant fellow, and devoid of prejudice. That his private taste finds delight in each and every one of his selections is too much to assume, but he is plainly aware that sound writing is a gem of many facets and cannot be reduced to a formula.

It is astonishing how many of the pieces here reprinted endure a second reading. They include some of the best short stories done in this country since the war—for example Ring Lardner's *The Golden Honeymoon*, Ernest Hemingway's *The Killers*, and William Faulkner's *That Evening Sun*—and they include also a great many extracts from books that seem destined to a considerable longevity—for example, Sinclair Lewis's *"Arrowsmith,"* William Beebe's *"Jungle Days,"* Pearl S. Buck's *"The Good Life,"* Willa S. Cather's *"The Song of the Lark,"* and Joseph Hergesheimer's *"San Cristóbal de la Habana."* It is possible, of course, that most or even all of this stuff will pass out on some near tomorrow, as the work of Henry Harland, Frank R. Stockton, and many another has passed out, but it surely does not seem likely. All of it has already outlived its immediate era, and some of it appears to be better esteemed today than ever before. There is a tumult of opposition to it in certain quarters, but that opposition is mainly puerile and much of it is not even honest. Some of the other things that Mr. Van Doren reprints look to be less durable, but not many of them are downright trash. Nearly every piece shows a serious approach to the sacrament of letters, and very few fall outside the main current of American thought in the years following the war.

The compiler has given right of place to "narratives and studies of character," and in consequence he has had to sacrifice some work in other fields that would have adorned his collec-

tion. The only contribution that will be unfamiliar to a reader in reasonably wide practice is a shrewd and charming essay on history by Dr. Carl Becker of Cornell. If Mr. Van Doren had been willing to proceed further in this direction he might have unearthed some capital writing by Dr. William Morton Wheeler, Dr. Fielding H. Garrison, Dr. Raymond Pearl, and Dr. William Allen Pusey, to name but four men of science who are also the proprietors of clear and resilient prose styles. And if he had been on the lookout for first-rate writing in fields commonly regarded as non-literary he might have found it in the work of E. W. Howe, William Allen White, and Bishop Francis C. Kelley, to go no further than the Middle West. Mr. Howe has been widely praised as a sage, but few seem to have noticed that what he has to say is much less remarkable than the workmanlike and effective way in which he says it. As for Bishop Kelley, he is kept too busy in a heathen diocese to write much, but when he seizes pen in hand he shows extraordinary skill, and if our literary scouts were more alert we'd be hearing about an American Newman.

Mr. Van Doren's collection runs to 939 pages of relatively small print, but its price is only \$2.75. Apparently, the NRA has yet to do its worst to book publishing. The typographical arrangement by Robert Joseph deserves a word of praise, and so does the printing by the Quinn and Boden Company of Rahway, New Jersey. Although, the volume lifts itself clearly above the common run of anthologies. But why did the compiler omit an index? His table of contents does not answer, for it is not even arranged alphabetically.

H. L. MENCKEN

## Nicolson Loses His Way

*Curzon: The Last Phase. 1919-1925. A Study in Post-War Diplomacy.* By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

THIS is the third volume of Harold Nicolson's trilogy intended to be a survey of the old and new diplomacy.

The first volume was his brilliant and discerning life of his father entitled *"Portrait of a Diplomatist: The Life of Lord Carnock,"* which was a study of the old diplomacy, and his second was his successful *"Peacemaking 1919."* This latest product of his pen is a great disappointment. It is, of course, well written and well informed, as it is by one who has himself been behind the scenes in the Foreign Office and can therefore characterize the actors in the drama with the surety of touch and the understanding which only an insider can have. Like its predecessors, it contains brilliant flashes, delicious wit, and striking descriptions of events and individuals, often with a grim touch of malice in them, as when he describes Chicherin as a "golden, although mangy, cocker spaniel liberated from the leash" and writes of Enver Pasha as a "small, ruthless, arrogant little man with the appearance of a Berlin barber and the cruelty of a Kurd." Again, he characterizes our own play-boy diplomat, Richard Washburn Child, as the maker of remarks to the Lausanne Conference "so foolish and irrelevant that the diplomats who witnessed this unhappy scene gazed at each other in bewildered embarrassment."

Despite all its life, movement, and information, one lays down the book with justified dissatisfaction with the meal spread before one. This is due in no small measure to the author's failure to clarify in his own mind just what he was driving at and how he was going to present his material. The result is that we have a work that is partly a sermon and partly a life, with a sketch of Curzon subordinated to the effort to set forth Mr. Nicolson's preachment, namely that modern diplomacy should be carried on by experts behind closed doors as of old, and then have its results as to policies revised, if necessary,



and always controlled by democratic public opinion or new-school politicians. This curious thesis he sets forth finally in an appendix which he calls Terminal Essay, after having belabored it again and again throughout the book. It is a pity that this proposal was not wholly restricted to this excellent section of the book—excellent even if one cannot agree with his plan. It sounds well but is entirely vitiated by the simple fact that behind their closed doors the diplomats can maneuver any country to the very brink of war and can withhold vital information from the electorate, as McKinley did before he asked for war with Spain. Then there is no time left for reconsideration, or for the democracy to frame a real picture of what is going on. The diplomats and the executives then at once call upon the democracies to stand by them and their proposals because the national honor is at stake—precisely as the British people were told in 1914 that the secret commitments with Belgium and France involved the country's honor and their honor, and must be upheld at the cost of a million lives.

The trouble with the book and with Mr. Nicolson is that he is plainly the victim of contrary forces within himself. A liberal streak makes him desirous of ending the evils of the old diplomacy, the character of which he showed up so remarkably in the life of his father, but a distrust of democratic processes holds him back. Next he is not clear as to public opinion and its relations to the statesmen. But above all his efforts to think things through and even to be just to other peoples, towers the Britisher in him. He cannot forget that it is Britain's will to dominate other peoples when it comes to enforcing one of its fundamental tenets of national policy, such as the defense of trade routes to India. His finest tribute to Curzon is his description of that noble lord's success at the Lausanne Conference in 1922, when he completely dominated the conference and achieved everything Great Britain wanted by his ability and extraordinary knowledge, and his readiness to take advantage of every weakness of his adversaries. If he does not go as far as Curzon in the desire to have England a modern Rome regulating every inferior race, he still is all for those fundamental tenets of English policy and heartily applauds Lloyd George for, consciously or unconsciously, upholding them.

When Mr. Nicolson comes to deal with the old question whether public opinion in a democracy controls public policy, or whether the statesmen dominate, his vacillation is seen at its worst. He begins by saying that the Allied statesmen in Paris were "the victims of their own public opinion," and he attributes the break-up of the Allied front and the collapse of British diplomacy between the end of the war and 1925 to the "determination" of the democracies of Europe "now that victory had been achieved, to renounce all further physical effort. On the other hand, they expected their statesmen to obtain and preserve for them the most triumphant spoils." Anyone who was present at Paris and saw the reception of Woodrow Wilson by the multitudes in the countries he visited will not subscribe to this doctrine; there was every evidence that the masses wanted only an immediate and a just settlement and not triumphant spoils. But while Mr. Nicolson here represents the statesmen as the pitiful victims of their own democracies, to which they had lied, falsifying and misrepresenting war conditions from the beginning to the end, on page 169 he declares that at the time of the Peace Conference it was impossible for "any British statesman to foresee the almost limitless capacity for surrender" of the British public "which had lost its gift for imperialism"; which in turn explains why Lloyd George brought home such tremendous spoils from Paris! On Page 216 he explains in connection with the reparations, not that the public demanded impossible sums, but that the statesmen of Europe had "raised popular expectation to a point where it became unreasoning" and "they were then afraid to disabuse that opinion of the fallacies which they themselves fostered!" Finally, on page 220,

he declares that the disastrous delay which wrecked Germany and threw Europe into chaos was in the main due to "democratic opinion in France and to a less extent in Great Britain." He then blames the House of Commons for not understanding the reparations situation although, as he says, Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, and the experts did. But was this the fault of the House of Commons or the failure of Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, and the experts to inform the House? They had no difficulty in misinforming the House when they wished to do so.

In short, Mr. Nicolson's book should have been carefully revised by a friendly hand before it was allowed to appear in a shape to do him much harm. Thus three times (pages 244, 269, 356) the reader is told that a "fortunate attack of phlebitis" confined Lord Curzon to his bed at Hackwood where "with ill-concealed delight" he observed Lloyd George's failure at the Genoa Conference. Aside from numerous misprints not worthy of a usually meticulous publisher, Mr. Nicolson places the Afghan attack on India in March, 1919, instead of in May, just after saying that it had been planned in April. But even these blemishes do not compare with the lack of coordination and clear thinking so marked that one wonders whether the author has been sincere with himself, his subject, and his public. Certainly he has not even given us the brilliant and well-rounded and absolutely frank sketch of Curzon we had the right to expect.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## Story of a Dictator

*Rico, Bandit and Dictator.* By Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

THIS tale is less gorgeous than "The Journey of the Flame," but no less compelling and strange. The arrogance and scorn belonging to Antonio de Fierro Blanco's earlier book are here as part of his own character and interwoven with that of the figure of whom he writes. Rico, a bandit, became dictator of a province south of the Rio Grande some forty or fifty years ago. He was, supposedly, the son of an Austrian archduke, a Hapsburg who had been mysteriously exiled. His mother was an Indian woman; her father was a priest of the forbidden faith of the Crimson Bird. According to tradition, their race had first lived in Sibeles, the Lost Continent, of which many legends are told. Some of these are linked with tales of the Seven Cities of Cibola. Later, ruined cities of this ancient race were found in the jungle, where the forbidden faith of the Crimson Bird was celebrated with human sacrifices.

The progress of Rico from banditry to dictatorship was accomplished under the sway of the ancient and hideous woman tyrant of Atlan, who taught him to "govern men by fear, by superstition, by self-interest, by admiration for thyself." He succeeds after brutal changes of fortune, and is guarded in his later years by the hag-ridden Ismael, who comes to him from the jungle. As dictator he knows ministers from Europe; there are allusions, for the most part disdainful, to the Great Republic to the North. He rules by fear and a diabolical tact; he never thinks twice, not wishing to permit judgment to destroy instinct. Here and there his encounters with women are described, with La Gloria, who joined him on the battlefield and whom he loved without knowing it. There was the Argentine Miss, a vengeful young Amazon who died by her own hand, cunningly seeking his death. There was his ugly secretary, La Silva, and finally the mysterious Englishwoman, with whom he may have disappeared. He was suddenly and finally lost to view at the height of his political power.

At the outset Blanco denies that this character ever existed, but he speaks throughout as though he had known Rico, as



though his book were a labor of love and honor. If the tale is fiction, then the dramatization of apparent source materials is in itself a triumph. The intensity of the writing, the concentration of the narrative—and of the many small narratives that compose the whole—give the book its compulsion. If Rico is a mysterious figure, the writer, now an old man, is no less mysterious; little is known of him. At the beginning of this tale he briefly mentions his ancestry. He is descended from a Norseman who fought against the Moors in Spain, and also from a companion of Cortez in Mexico, who when he was seen by the Aztecs was thought from his fair coloring to be the White God whose appearance had long been prophesied. This Conquistador married the daughter of Quauhtemotzin, commander-in-chief of the last Aztec emperor.

Blanco's ancestry suggests an endless treasure-house of fact and fable. It is to be hoped that he may choose to draw upon this still farther. If in all his writing one can never be sure where fact leaves off and fable begins, this with his gift of style creates great color and dimension.

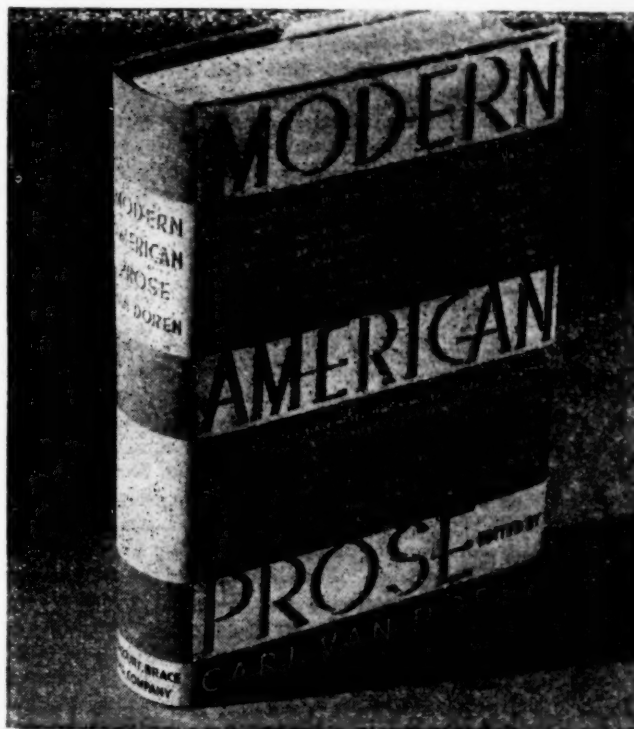
CONSTANCE ROURKE

## The Old South

*So Red the Rose.* By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

STARK YOUNG's "So Red the Rose" is a study of the effects of the Civil War on a small civilian segment of the old South. Mr. Young tells of the planter society of Mississippi, a comfortable, highly developed, eccentric lot of people, and his account of them is one long, slow caress. He perhaps imagines that he has written a dispassionate account of the ways and feelings of these cultivated individuals; he does, in fact, make every attempt to be fair, to see all sides of the case. Nevertheless, his story of the McGehees of Montrose and the Bedfords of Portobello is not truly a history or a novel, but a poem of glorification. He presents us with a group of highly varied individuals, full of quirks, and full of character. If Mr. Young were to be believed, it would appear that even the bores of old Mississippi were amusing. There is Malcolm Bedford, a tipsy gentleman who amuses himself by writing obituaries of his living relatives; old Mary Cherry, virgin battleaxe, whose speech is as downright as it is vulgar; Senator Ruffin whose pompous, polished conversation seemed quaint even to his contemporaries; and finally Sallie Bedford, Malcolm's wife, indomitable but feminine, who quoted Lord Byron and the French epigrammatists freely, and even in bed of a night was ever ready with a reference to Lucretius.

The first glimpse one has of these people is tremendously exciting. For a moment, one thinks that Stark Young has been given miraculous penetration, that he will recreate a dead world in true and living terms. But it is soon evident that he is not interested in truth, but in romance. He quickly gives up the fascinating business of creating people for the more routine job of pleading their cause. After a magnificent two hundred pages, there is no development of character. The McGehees and the Bedfords stop still in their tracks, and the novel stops with them. The Civil War is fought, young men are killed, Negroes desert their masters, plantations are looted and burned to the ground, but these events are not presented with the sharp intensity of the first chapters. They are blurred, as in a dream. Indeed, the total effect of "So Red the Rose" is that of a dream—long, luscious, and finally cloying. The air, winter or summer, is heavy with the scent of camellias; the characters are seen dimly through a pastel-colored mist. Love and death are so clouded with glory and charm that their sting is never felt. Even for the final tragic dissolution of the Southern order, the



A virtual library of living literature assembled in one book, Carl Van Doren's new anthology collects a large, representative body of American prose in its most recent and brilliant period—from 1914 to the present.

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### PARTIAL LIST OF THE SIXTY AUTHORS

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SHERWOOD ANDERSON  
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WILLIAM BEEBE  
THOMAS BEER  
VAN WYCK BROOKS  
PEARL BUCK  
JAMES BRANCH CABELL  
ERSKINE CALDWELL  
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FLOYD DELL  
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WILLIAM FAULKNER  
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GERTRUDE STEIN  
CARL VAN VECHTEN  
THORNTON WILDER  
EDMUND WILSON  
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT  
ELINOR WYLIE

*Literary Guild August Book* 900 pages, \$2.75

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY  
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

brash invasion of the carpetbaggers, Mr. Young has no bitterness, only a softer, more sugared melancholy.

It must be admitted at once that Mr. Young is a master at creating this lush, unreal atmosphere, and one cannot of course blame him for romancing if that is his special desire. One can only be sorry that his book, though fine enough in its way, does not live up to the strange promise of its first chapters.

MARY MCCARTHY

## Shorter Notices

*Defy the Foul Fiend.* By John Collier. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.  
*Brain Guy.* By Benjamin Appel. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

These two novels, so completely different in temper and style, are in many respects the same story. They each describe a gifted young man who would rather do anything than earn what is described by old-fashioned persons as an honest living; the two heroes are both agreeable wastrels, in short, with no regard for their elders and betters and with an irresistible attraction for charming young ladies—the one for amateur, the other for professional whores. But not to pursue the comparison too far, it should be said hastily that Mr. Collier's novel is urbane, intelligent, and a delight to the ear; and beneath its witty and cruel casualness is a deep foundation of tradition and sober virtue, along with an ability to render the English countryside in terms that make it tender and real. Mr. Appel's novel, on the other hand, is one of the more unfortunate examples of the tough-baby, put-'em-on-the-spot, but-I'll-always-be-true-to-my-little-girl type of modern fiction. There is every reason to expect that "Brain Guy," however, will have the same sort of success, although it is not so direct or so sharp, as "The Postman Always Rings Twice." While "Defy the Foul Fiend," it is to be feared will be read only by that comparatively small group of persons who appreciate excellence, particularly when it is combined with wit. If advice from a reviewer is pertinent at this point, it might be wise to borrow "Brain Guy" from an obliging friend, and to spend the required sum to make "Defy the Foul Fiend" one's own.

*The Adventurous Thirties: A Chapter in the Women's Movement.* By Janet E. Courtney. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

A hundred years ago women in England were freer and more enterprising than they were thirty years later. The thirties were adventurous, the sixties Victorian. The feminist bud of that early spring was nipped by a variety of frosts, including the Queen, respectability, piety, and the swiftness of the economic change. But the women of the thirties that Mrs. Courtney portrays for us are a fine and fettle some lot: poets and editors, publicists, philanthropists, just ladies, outspoken social critics, adventurous travelers. With the exception, perhaps, of Harriet Martineau and Caroline Norton they were not in the later feminist tradition, or indeed consciously in any, but they were all personalities, and the author delights to give us the "little realities" about them that make biography vivid. So we see them not only as links or examples but as women. And the charming portraits of some of them add to our knowledge. We like Felicia Hemans's buxom and gentle femininity and her ringlets. She wrote delightful letters and supported five small sons after a never explained separation from her husband. Casabianca supplied the family with shoes and the stern and rock-bound coast produced a crop of square meals. Caroline Bowles sent her poems to Southey and thereby became Mrs. Southey. L. E. L. wrote verses that were much admired, and mysteriously committed suicide. The travelers to India, delicately bred ladies, suffered untold hardships, or rather they were told in their letters, not too absorbingly. But it's a different matter

when we come to those two real human beings, Frances Trollope and Harriet Martineau, to say nothing of Elizabeth Fry, a saint who also remained human. There are others, rich and poor, austere and worldly, pretty and plain, each with a special flavor, a fine, vigorous, pungent flavor for the most part, to recommend her. The women of 1934 will do well to become acquainted with those of 1830.

*Europe Between Wars?* By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The velocity of events in Europe is too swift for the comfort of writers who poise for a moment over the scene and hope to suggest the direction of coming action. Mr. Armstrong's short and thoughtful analysis has been overtaken by the happenings in Germany. He had been a shrewd enough observer to allow for them, but naturally he did not try to leap ahead and foretell the effect of what he only vaguely foresaw. His picture of Central Europe remains generally sound. But the study is too brief to justify his title. No attempt is made to gauge the influence of Russia in the regrouping of European forces, nor to estimate the trend to a temporary system of the Unbalance of Power. His canvas is too limited to include the Far Eastern crisis, probably the outstanding danger today to European peace. And he does not go into the quite cogent consideration of how an early European war is to be made. Assuming Germany is to wage it, few in Europe can believe she has armed enough to win against the countries who would be sure to throw themselves against her. Nor can she hope to reach this strength in her present poverty. Europe probably is between wars, having always been between them or in them. But an early war does not appear inevitable on the basis of Mr. Armstrong's facts.

## Contributors to This Issue

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